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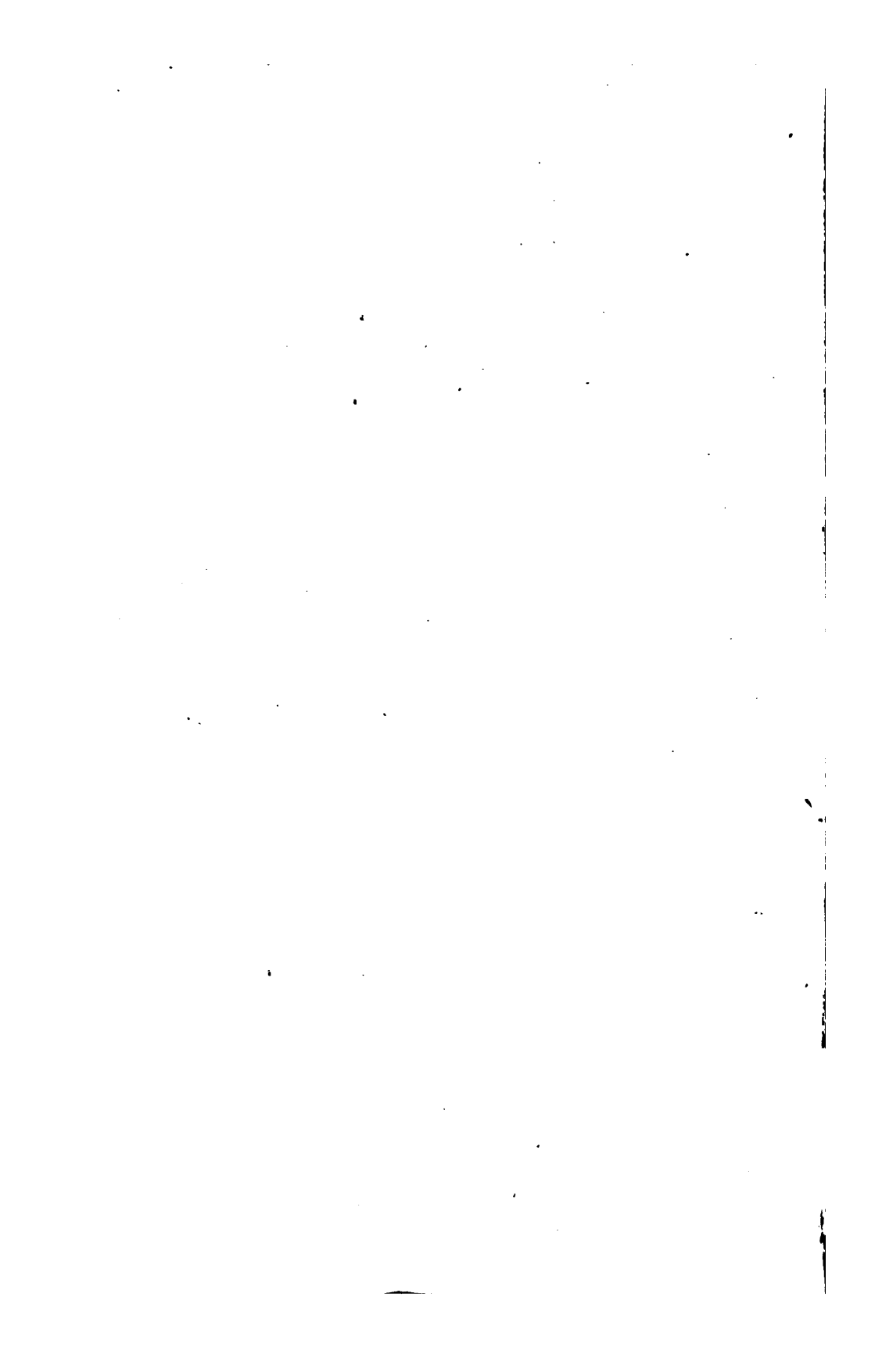


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1830

THE

HARP OF INNISFAIL.

BY D. S. L.-



Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness—I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
MOORE.

Alta, divina libertade io porto
In cor; tu, vil, di tirannia l'hai pieno:
Sorgi, su, sorgi; e fia il combatter corto.—
Ma, omai, convinto che d'ogni nom sei meno,
Ti veggo; e teco è il tuo furor già morto:
Non l'è il mio. no! che mi s'addoppia in seno,
Nel veder ch'abbia alma codarda tanto
Bevuto a sorsi il nostro sangue, e il pianto.

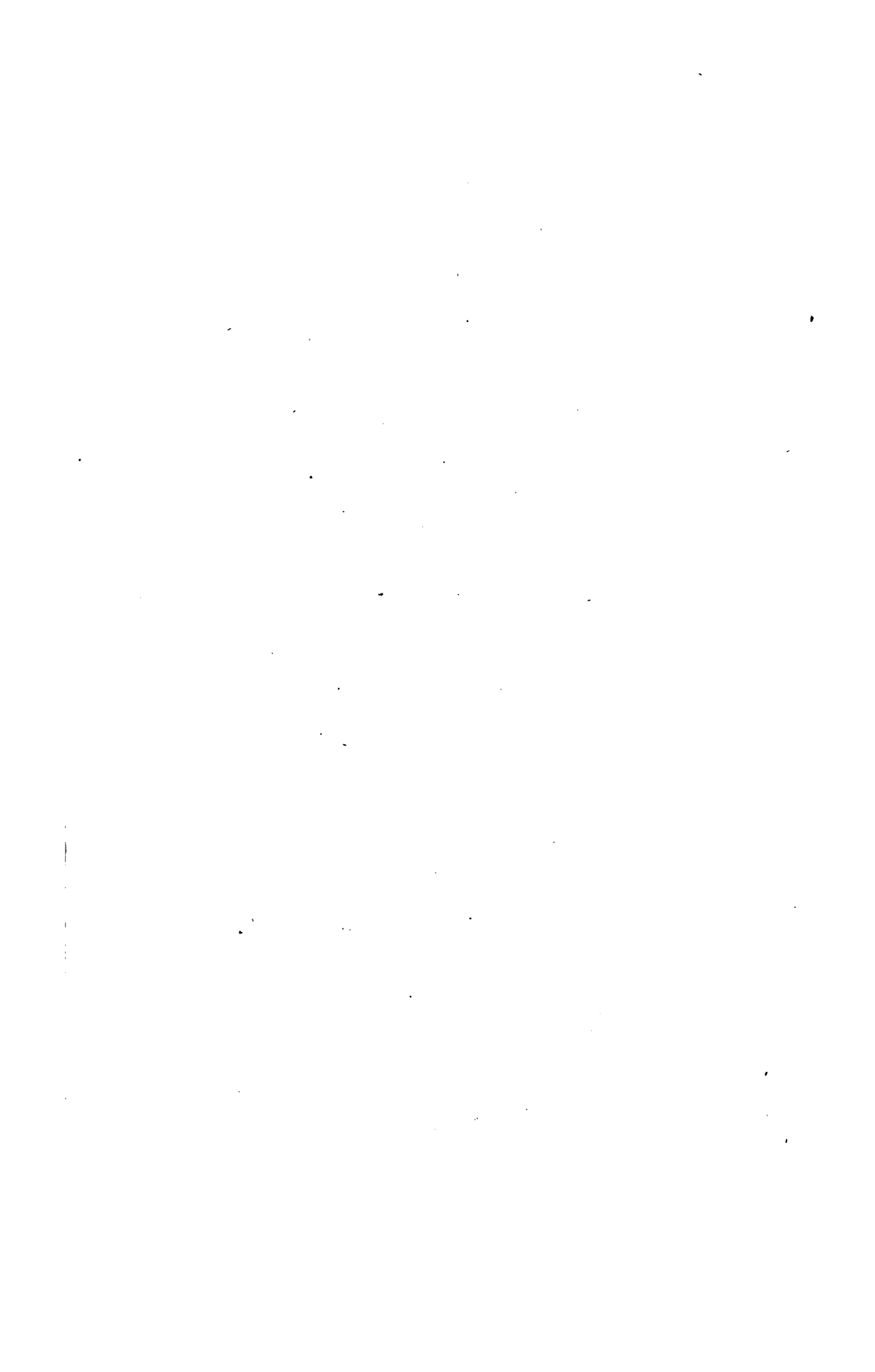
ALFIERI.

LONDON:

JOSEPH ROBINS, BRIDE COURT, BRIDGE-STREET.

1829.

546.



TO
DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ. M. P.

"THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE,"

AS

A MARK OF RESPECT FOR

HIS PATRIOTIC EXERTIONS,

AND

ADMIRATION OF HIS TALENTS,

THE "HARP OF INNISFAIL"

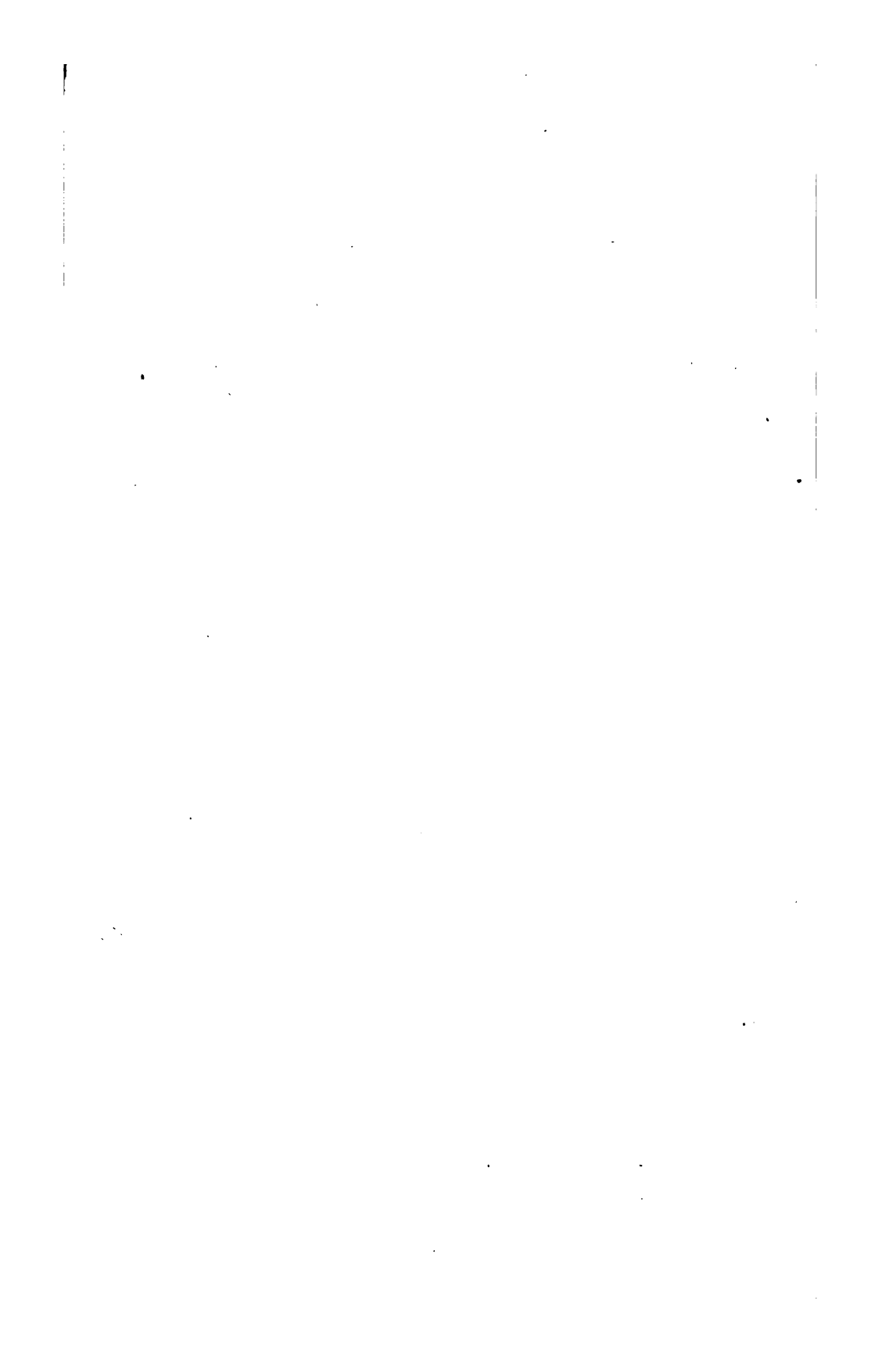
IS DEDICATED

BY

HIS COUNTRYMAN,

D. S. L.

London, December 31, 1828.



EPISTLE
FROM THE AUTHOR
TO
TIMOTHY MAGILLICUDDY, ESQ.
OF CONNECATHUBBER,
IN THE BARONY OF
IVERAGH.

DEAR TIM,

WHEN I transmitted for your perusal the MS. of that which is now given to the world, you expressed a desire to be informed of the circumstances through which it came into my possession, as well as of the other incidents, which I alleged were connected with it; as you are aware, it was not then in my power to have cleared up the mystery which hung round my communication; and, indeed, while "tripping it on the light fantastic toe" with the blue-eyed maids of Iveragh, or while revelling in the gladness inspired by the "mountain dew," I felt but little inclination to take up your attention, or to interrupt my own amusements, by recurring to a subject which I was not at liberty to explain. However, if I am

not mistaken, I intimated that the time might arrive when I should be enabled to gratify your curiosity: that time has arrived; and accordingly, I hasten to redeem my promise. But, before I enter upon the detail, let me, my dear Tim, express my hopes that the family of *Connecathubber* still enjoy the same light-heartedness and gaiety, which they possessed when I had the pleasure of being acquainted with them. The ladies, I trust, still patronise the neighbouring *patterns*; and while they confer happiness on the assembly, which they honor with their presence, it will not be the least consolation to reflect, how much this condescension may have contributed to promote the innocent recreation of a class of people generally ill-treated, but yet the most susceptible of gratitude for favors bestowed, as of appreciating the little pleasures that come within their reach. The peasant is as much made for happiness as the more fortunate gentleman who rules above him; and as Providence has ordained the former to till the soil, it becomes a duty on the latter to minister to his comfort and to assist him in his necessities. Where there is an impartiality of government,—where there is equal justice for the poor and the rich, the cottier will be comparatively independent, and his well-furnished kitchen and well stocked hay-yard will bear evidence to the prosperity and greatness of the kingdom.

I love to see the peasant forgetting his cares on the Sunday ; sitting beneath his vine-tree ; feeding on his fat capon* ; or joining in the merry dance with the country belles. It bespeaks internal comfort ; it shews that man is treated by his fellow-man as he should be—as the image of his Creator, as the noble inheritor of a common destiny ; not as the beast of burden or the Camel of the desert ! Never shall I forget the philosophic delight—for, truly philosophic I may be permitted to say it was—with which I witnessed some of the *patterns* in Iveragh ; when, on extraordinary occasions, the Misses Magillicuddy would descend to mingle in the rustic dance ; and when Felix, the blind piper, would elevate his notes to a higher and a prouder strain to welcome their appearance. The people then looked as they ought to do ;—happy in their abundance, and almost free in their bondage. They had reposed from the toils of the week ; and, thank Heaven ! the tongue of biblical fanaticism not having shouted to your retirement its lesson of cant and of gloom, they considered it no crime, after having devoted the morning to prayer and to sacrifice, to indulge in the guileless recreation

* It is well known, that, in the time of Henri Quatre, the Capon formed a favourite delicacy among the lower orders of France.

that their fathers and their grand-fathers had enjoyed. To me, such a scene has always brought up ideas and hopes of the brightest stamp; my heart has ever rejoiced to see the peasant gay and contented; and, like you would I prefer to abate half my rent-roll, could I advantage their situation, to the vanity of squandering a larger income, while *they* lived in penury and wretchedness.

As to yourself, my dear fellow, I need scarcely inquire how *you* dispose of your time,

Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedanâ?

you are still, I doubt not, engaged with the study of Irish literature, in its original language; and while you encourage the continuation of every custom, that was loved in the "good old times," the stranger, who, like myself, may have been induced to extend his ramblings to the Athens of the kingdom of Kerry, or whose patriotic enthusiasm may have led him on a pilgrimage to the birth place of DANIEL O'CONNELL*, is welcomed to your hospitable board; to leave it, with the only regret, that he may never return. But this is a theme which must be uninteresting to you; and as the

* "Down through Iveragh—a place that ought to be proud of itself, for 'tis Daniel O'Connell's country."—*Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland. Part ii. p. 68.*

explanation which you have sought may be long, without farther digression I shall enter upon the narration.

Twenty years will have elapsed this May, since I settled in Killarney; and, during that period, many have been my opportunities of dissecting the characters which it presents; and many, those of collecting the stories and incidents which have been identified with its romantic scenery. But, to "begin with the beginning."—It was a beautiful evening in spring, and after having returned from a long sojourn in "parts beyond the sea," I was making an equestrian tour through the province of Munster; not so much with the view of visiting its cities and its lakes, for of such I had seen enough, as with the intention of making an acquaintance with the lower orders, and of anatomizing their peculiarities of manner and of disposition. With this object I had traversed almost every acre and every rood of the South, and was now coming to establish my "head quarters" in Killarney. The day had been warm; and fatigued with the exertion of a long ride, I turned down the principal street, where I was attracted by a small snug-looking house, with "Lodging and Stabling," painted in large letters over the door. At the entrance stood a middle-sized, healthy-visaged man, whom, from the im-

portance of his aspect and the portly dimensions of his *periphery*, I concluded to be the landlord of the hostel. As I approached the spot, I hesitated as to the propriety of making it my resting place; but, as there was an expression of placid good humour, and an air of self-satisfied intelligence about the open countenance of the gentleman who was stationed at the door; and as it had the appearance of being a house, where I might be enabled to pursue my study to advantage, my hesitations subsided; and advancing, I courteously saluted the aforementioned individual. He regarded me with an unceremonious and scrutinizing stare, which seemed to question my title to respectability; but having succeeded in satisfying himself, that I was "a dacent body anyhow," he requested that I would alight, and proceeded to conduct me through a long, narrow passage to the stable. Having seen, that my Rosinante was provided for, I was shewn to the kitchen, and from thence to an apartment in the attic story, which, I was given to understand, was to be my habitation. And here did I set myself down to pass the next six months; it might be—the residue of my existence!

As the spirit of inquiry formed a prevailing ingredient in my composition, I soon commenced making my observations. My room was naturally

the first object to engage attention ; but a very cursory glance sufficed to survey its ornaments and furniture. It was, as I have said, in the attic story ; narrow, small, and comfortless. There was no ceiling, a fire-place without a grate, two chairs, a table, and a bed ; and with these, was I to consider myself more than ordinarily comfortable.—A youth of toil had inured me to sustain every want of accommodation ; and, as I was not then in my thirtieth year, I felt little inconvenience from those discomforts, which would but ill agree with my present constitution. The next subject for examination possessed more interest, and promised better to repay my trouble ;—it was that of “ mine host ” and his family. Having opened my saddle-bags and made the arrangements, that my situation required, I adjourned to the kitchen, hoping *there* to find materials for the gratification of my curiosity. “ Mine host ” was seated by the fire, with a newspaper in his hand ; conversation soon introduced itself, when I found him as communicative and intelligent, as I had anticipated. He was one of the last century, and had grown old in the town, where his progenitors had lived. In his youth he must have been handsome, for his person and countenance still retained the traces of “ a form once fine.” He generally wore a blue surtout ; and as he stood at his door, with his hands behind his back, enjoying the sun-

shine, and exchanging civilities with every passing acquaintance, he verily looked the personification of contentment and peace. For hour after hour would I love to hold converse with him, as the quaintness and dogmatism of his opinions were amusing, and, not unfrequently, instructive. He was a faithful chronicler of the olden times; deeply versed in legendary lore*, and an implicit believer in the conclusions of Pastorini. No patriot was attached to the place of his birth with a more devoted feeling, and few were more earnest or more orthodox in defending the doctrines of their religion. His profession, which had been that of a writing master, had given him a letter of introduction to many of the families in the neighbourhood; and the anecdotes, with which this intercourse furnished him, had an originality of feature which amused and interested.

When he sat down by his evening-fire, with his supper spread before him, his red night-cap on his head, and his blue surtout doffed for some more convenient garment, I was in the habit of

* The author has occasionally published some of the legends, taken from his lips, in the "London and Dublin Magazine." In case that circumstances should correspond, he purposes giving them to the public, in a more permanent shape.

taking my place beside him: and then, to hear him, with his rosy cheeks and unwrinkled brow, begin to narrate the history of *Fuen M'Coul*, or that of some equally renowned hero; to listen to *his* comments on the state of the political world, or to attend to his calculations on the hypotheses of Pastorini;—why, it would do good to the veriest misanthrope in existence; and, however much he may feel dissatisfied with life, he would be compelled to acknowledge that there must be *some* bliss on earth, while he beheld the placidity and the quiet of this enviable personage. Get him once on a tale of the olden time and he was quite in his element. He would relate incidents, appertaining to every family in the county; he would recount the deeds and adventures of his youth; and he would pour forth, as from a treasure, every legend that tradition had consecrated or credulity believed.

CORNY O'FLANAGAN—for so I shall denominate him—was a politician; nor were his views of politics, by any means, extravagant or mistaken. He deprecated the Union with a warmth and an energy which admitted not of contradiction; and experience, he would contend, satisfied him as to the justice of his opinion. Before that execrable measure had been accomplished, well did he remember to have seen Killarney swarming with

gaiety, and alive with bustle. When the Parliamentary Session was over, the members usually came down to pass the summer months in the neighbourhood of its delightful lake; and instead of contributing to the increase and prosperity of English watering-places, their money was spent in their own country; it flowed back to the source from whence it had emanated, and the nation was benefitted, while their individual pleasures suffered neither diminution nor disappointment. Killarney, he would say, was then a town of promise and of fashion; it soon would have been one of wealth and respectability. But the act of Union was carried: to bring about its accomplishment, our peasantry were transported and decimated; the inalienable and imperscriptible rights of the kingdom were transferred to the keeping of our imperial mistress; and Killarney languished, her inhabitants had little to stimulate them; and, instead of becoming a place of importance, it dwindled into an insignificant and lifeless village. By a purity of reasoning, which is logically sound, he would argue, that the same, in a more or less degree, must be the case with the other Irish towns; and, thus, while the Statute Book does not record one single deed of advantage that Ireland has derived from the act, the evil effects produced by it are but too perceptible. This was a point, on which, I always felt inclined to

coincide with him. For, where the riches of a people are transported to another mart,—where they are degraded from the rank of an independent kingdom to that of a tributary province,—where inducements are offered to the great proprietors to dissipate in another country, the wealth which should be disposed of at home;—where there is one law for him who adopts the religion of the state, and another for that man who clings to the creed of his forefathers and of his conviction,—while in this condition, it would be inconsistent with reason to hope that Ireland can be any thing but the land of wretchedness and of faction, which, for ages past, history represents her to have been. This was a theme, on which my friend loved to dilate; and I now dwell upon it, as it may serve to prove that our wrongs, our disabilities, and our oppressions are not the creation of those orators, who speak at the Corn Exchange—that they are not an exaggerated picture drawn by those, whose own aggrandizement would follow the abrogation of the Penal Code; but, that they are a heart-burn and a canker in the breast of *every* Irishman from the peer to the peasant,—and that *all* feel with equal intensity on the one involving question. Were I to go at greater length into the political dogmas of my landlord, I should swell this epistle to a pamphlet:—I shall therefore leave them, with saying

that they generally were of this complexion, and most of them equally correct.

Having established the point of view, in which I was to look upon my host, and having made an advance to the future good graces of his daughter, an ugly, thrifty, and religious maiden, who monopolized the important office of house-keeper, it next remained to visit the *lions*, and collect what information I could, as to the curiosities of the town. These were few indeed, and a hurried walk sufficed to bring under my notice all that was worthy of observation. You are already in possession of more local knowledge, in regard to Killarney, than I could impart. However, as you have requested that I should give you *my* description, I shall do so with that respect to candor and impartiality, which I always wish to preserve.

In comparison with Irish towns of similar size and of similar population, Killarney can boast a degree of neatness which few of them possess. Public buildings there are none, for there is no encouragement to erect them. The private are straggling and irregular; but its streets have a better *coup-d'œil* appearance than those of most of our towns. However, its want of business is disheartening and melancholy; at all hours of the day the streets are crowded with a throng of

people, that seem destitute of occupation and of the hope of obtaining it. There are no manufactories to supply employment to the working classes, and the shops present a dull image of struggling activity.—The higher order of the inhabitants is distinguished by a hospitality that well accords with the ancient Irish character; and, although there may be somewhat to condemn, I have always found them condescending, liberal, and enlightened. The majority profess the ancient faith; and from this preponderance of *true believers* we find more Christian charity and less factious feeling than we discover in those places where the ascendancy is dominant. The *new light* of the Gospel has not yet shone upon them; and they are happier and more blessed in their darkness, than if the flood of Scriptural illumination had risen to disturb them with its overshadowing brightness. I am no advocate of a Reformation, which *sets son against father and brother against brother*: I am no advocate of a system which tends to disturb the repose of families, to corrupt the integrity of the ignorant, to make hypocrites of the abandoned, and to calumniate and misrepresent the belief of the steady and the persecuted: I am no advocate of a creed whose most splendid converts are the starving wretches of a brothel—whose disciples are bought from the herd of prostitution and of moral depra-

vity,—and whose plan of action unfolds one continued scheme of malignity and of falsehood. I am a friend to religious liberty in all its bearings; I would have the conscience free and unshackled; and I would have every individual sufficiently instructed to be able to render an account of the *hope that is in him*; but, I am free to confess, that, were it called for, I should exhaust every means to obstruct the progress of a wild and senseless crusade, which assists to make those who were villains before, doubly villains now—which sows dissension throughout the island—and which withholds the consolation of true religion from the grasp of the weak and the unstable. Long may it be, before fanaticism shall tread upon those lovely shores! Long may it be, before the inhabitants of Killarney shall learn to inquire at what altar their neighbour bends, before they admit him to their confidence; but, should it ever happen that the itinerant revilers of orthodoxy shall *here* repeat their falsehoods and their mis-statements, may there never be wanting those who will be ready to refute their assumptions, to expose their sophistry and to assert the cause of truth and of reason!

I had now been resident, for some years, in Killarney; and, during that period, nothing deserving immortality had occurred; until one evening in the month of August, after having

returned from a long walk, I was sitting to enjoy an hour of conversation with my friend Corney, when a tall, interesting young man made his appearance in the kitchen. He asked, if he could be accommodated with a lodging; and, on being answered in the affirmative, took his seat in a chair that stood near the hearth. He was silent and reserved, and to the few interrogatories, which the host addressed to him, he gave brief and unsatisfactory answers. My curiosity was excited; but, during the succeeding fortnight, there transpired little that could gratify the feeling. The stranger seldom was seen abroad; he continued closely confined to his apartment; and though all were anxious to discover, no person knew how, or in what manner, he disposed of his time. At the expiration, however, of the fortnight, his reserve imperceptibly wore off; he became more familiar, and although he did not seem inclined to solicit or bestow confidence, he conversed with a frankness and an ease that announced the gentleman and bespoke the scholar. He was fond of solitary walks, and often was wont to spend a whole day among the woods of Ross, or more frequently among the tombs of Mucruss. For some time I did not venture to intrude upon these lonely rambles; but, by degrees, beginning to accompany him in his occasional walks, I soon also became the companion of his more sentimental excursions.

following them to Connaught, there to claim at the Altar the hand of her whose heart was eternally his. But there was another point to be achieved before it could have this termination, and as that point depended upon the will of another, he was constrained to delay the more positive declaration of his sentiments until that will had been consulted.

“ Miss Le Clere and her friends had now departed for their homes, and Fitz-Gerald had also returned to his. Their intimacy had been commenced under circumstances equally accidental and romantic; and their affections had been taught to kindle into a reciprocal flame, before they had acquired any knowledge of each other's family or pretensions. Both strangers in the spot where they had become acquainted, neither had inquired into the domestic story of the other. Fitz-Gerald knew Miss Le Clere as the fascinating and beautiful companion of the Countess Avonbue, under whose protection she had visited Killarney; and Miss Le Clere knew *him* as the enraptured poet and adoring lover. More of their private history had not been disclosed; and as it was necessary that Fitz-Gerald should ensure the consent of his uncle—the White Knight—before he could take any more important step, he was

reluctantly compelled to return to the valley of his birth, while Ella and her friends departed for the wilds of Connaught.

“The WHITE KNIGHT was a chieftain of the olden time ; and his mansion, his politics, and his appearance were essentially identified with our recollections of the by-gone century. Though age had silvered his brow, it had not subtracted from his muscular activity ; and as he followed his fox-hounds over the plains of *Lixnaw*, there was that about his manly figure which commanded immediate respect and attention. The blood of princes was in his veins ; and in the high tone and lofty eye of the Fitz-Gerald, it were not difficult to recognize the descendant of Ireland’s royalty. The table of his genealogy extended back to the days of Henry II., and great was the importance which he attached to his connection with the monarch ; while notwithstanding that his lot had been cast in the eighteenth century, he still retained the feelings and the prejudices of an earlier epoch. Gerald Fitz-Gerald was his nephew and his heir ; and although his spirit had been refined by a modern education, he had not a place less rooted in the care and affections of his uncle. From him he had always experienced the greatest latitude of kindness and indulgence ; and as he now approached the ‘ancient hall,’ his

heart beat lightly with the expectation of having his fondest hopes sanctioned by the approval of the stout old knight. Sometime, however, transpired before our hero could summon sufficient courage to make the proposal; and when he did make it, it was with more of timidity than the heir of the White Knight should ever have evinced. The day had been spent on a neighbouring lake, in the congenial occupation of salmon fishing; and, as the success of the sport had elevated the spirits of the knight, Fitz-Gerald deemed that evening a fit opportunity for unfolding his secret. His uncle heard him with kindness, at first; but, as he proceeded, his brow darkened, and disapprobation seemed hovering on his lip. When the narrative was concluded, the old gentleman was not slow in expressing his dissent; at the same time informing him, that he had destined him to be united to the heiress of a noble house in Connaught, with whose representative he had, in his youth, been on terms of the most intimate friendship. To Fitz-Gerald this was a sickening and a hopeless blow; but, as he was entirely dependent on his uncle's will, he was obliged to stifle the swellings of his soul, and feign an acquiescence which he did not feel.

“ In consequence of this discovery the White Knight thought it advisable, after a short time,

to send his nephew into Connaught, on a visit to the Lord Dunrea ; hoping thus to commence a negotiation which he had long contemplated. Those of our readers who have ever loved—and which of them has not ?—will readily comprehend the feelings of our hero, as he departed for the land where dwelt the mistress of his affections. The great and pervading sensation which governed him needs not description : and those who are read in the philosophy of the human heart, scarcely will be inclined to ask, *why* it was that those sentiments should flash upon him with renovated vigor, as he hailed the prospect of breathing the air and treading the soil which had been consecrated by the foot and hallowed by the abode of Ella Le Clere.

“ It was a glorious evening in the autumnal month of August, and the sun was hastening to his ocean bed in a car of splendor and of light, when Gerald Fitz-Gerald arrived at the residence of Lord Dunrea. The Baron, for some time, had been expecting his visit ; and as the chaise drove up to the venerable mansion, he stood at the door to welcome his guest with all the warmth and the open heartedness of long-perished hospitality. As he greeted the nephew of the friend of his youth, his fine countenance beamed with the glow of innate gratulation ; and although Fitz-Gerald felt

that his situation was embarrassing he was pleased with the sincerity and the frankness of his host.

“ ‘Come, come,’ said the Lord Dunrea, ‘my daughter is in the drawing-room; and while they are arranging your trunks, you must be introduced to her.’

“ A thousand apposite sensations took possession of the Fitz-Gerald, as he prepared for an introduction, from which he anticipated little satisfaction. However, he followed the Baron with all due gallantry, and was meditating how he should acquit himself to the best advantage, when a door was opened, and he was ushered into a small room, furnished in the style of the last century, chastened by many of the improvements of the present. The Baron Dunrea was one of the few whose title had survived the days of persecution; and as Catholic importance was only now beginning to obtain its merited appreciation, his youth had been denied the advantages which ours possess. Consequently there was much of the simple in every thing connected with him; and, notwithstanding the taste of his daughter, there yet remained much of the gorgeous heaviness of a less cultivated age in the internal furniture, as well as external appearance of the mansion. These, however, were not now objects to engross our

hero's attention; and as he entered the apartment, what must have been his feelings—what his surprise, to recognize in the exquisite form before him, that of—Ella Le Clere! The astonishment was mutual, and it requires not any detail to inform you of the issue of his visit to Lough Corrib.

* * * * *

“ High feasting was there in the halls of Lixnaw, the night that Gerald Fitz-Gerald and his lovely bride first slept beneath its roof. Bonfires sparkled through the vales, and the wild horn rang from the glens, while echo bore along the fulness of its rejoicing notes. Every face was glad and every heart was light; and loud and many were the benedictions, which the happy peasantry invoked on the ‘Maushtheroge’ and the young ‘Maushthrauss.’

“ For some time did the current of existence glide smoothly on, and ten months had now elapsed from the bridal day, when Ella Fitz-Gerald went forth among the vallies, accompanied by a solitary maid, to enjoy the freshness and the contemplation of an evening walk. Of all nights in the year it was St. John's Eve, and inclination directed her to a lonely and sequestered vale, whose character was in the very worst repute among all classes of the peasantry, whither she

was accustomed to retire when the absence of her Gerald left an hour of tedium or of listlessness. The night advanced in its progress, and she returned not to her home: the hours went on, but *she* made not her appearance; and, as in that wild country there was no ordinary circumstance to produce her absence, the uneasiness of the White Knight and his domestics increased in proportion as the morning approached. Messengers were dispatched throughout the neighbourhood, but no place nor individual could afford any information as to her fate; and when Gerald returned he found that no trace of her or her attendant could be discovered. Search proved useless, and the bereaved husband abandoned himself to a state of distraction and sorrow, which so affected the shattered constitution of the White Knight as to hasten his approach to the tomb of his ancestors.

“Gerald Fitz-Gerald having now succeeded to the title and property, for some years remained at his hereditary mansion in a state of melancholy loneliness; and as time promised no alleviation to his calamity, he disposed of his estates, and sought refuge in the profession of arms. His democratic principles led him to the standard of Washington; and after having served, for a short period, under that distinguished patriot, he fell a

sacrifice to his martial ardour, in the campaign that established American independence. With him the honorary title of 'White Knight' became extinct; and in vain would the traveller now seek for a scion of that feudal line. As to the fate of Ella, nothing positive can be known. By the peasantry it is affirmed that she was carried away by the 'good people;' but the more probable story is, that her ramble had conducted her beyond the bounds of prudence, and that darkness having overtaken her, she either fell down some of the precipices, or was swallowed in some of the fathomless quagmires with which that country abounds. Though short the period since this occurrence has taken place, it is recollected by few; and the existence of the White Knight is seldom spoken of, even among that rank of people where any legend of the marvellous obtains such extensive and easy credit.

"This history has interest for me," he proceeded, "as I ———," here he stopped, and after the deliberation of a moment, went on; "as I am the inheritor of the title of Dunrea; and was the little favorite of Ella Le Clere, before she had yet learned to love or be beloved. On the departure of the White Knight for America, I visited his country; and from thence came to Killarney; where I also became a prey to a passion,

equally violent, but more unfortunate. However, it boots not now to lay open the miseries of a heart that has sorrowed and has suffered much. Among the papers which Fitz-Gerald had entrusted to my care, was the skeleton of a poem which I have since completed. It is contained in this parcel," he said, and at the same time handed to me, a small, well-sealed packet; "in it, you will also find a few other trifles, by a different hand. Keep them for me; and should you conceive that their publication may be of any service to yourself, or to Ireland, you may make whatever use of them you think proper; not disclosing the circumstances attached to them, unless, perchance, the report of my demise shall have reached you."

He ceased; and I was too much engrossed by the interest of the tale to disturb the reverie into which he relapsed. As the declining Sun warned us of the approach of evening.

*Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ,*

we rose from the tomb whereon we had been seated; and descending the hill, pursued the road to Killarney in a silence which neither of us attempted to disturb. On arriving at our lodgings, he, as usual, retired to his room; and I, instead

of assuming my *stool* by the *chimbley corner*, repaired to mine, to examine the packet with which I had been entrusted. As soon as I arose on the next morning, I was preparing to seek the chamber of my mysterious friend, when I learned, that, at an early hour, he had discharged his bill and departed from the house ; whither—no one knew, and few inquired. Several years have gone by, since these facts have taken place ; but, until now, I have never considered myself at liberty to disclose what I have narrated above. Within the last few months, I have received intelligence of his having died in a monastery near Naples ; which, I conceive, authorises me “to make whatever use of the MSS. I shall think proper.”—On further examination I had found that it was the stranger’s desire to have them made public ; for in the possibility of such an event, he attached the following prefatory remarks :—

In presenting my MS. to the public, and awaiting their decision, it would be affectation not to say, that I look to it with some anxiety, and, perhaps, some hope. It is the production of a mind young and inexperienced, and as such, I naturally anticipate a greater share of indulgence, than the work of one better practised, or more matured, could lay claim to. The pain and the intensity of composition, by no means form the most anxious

moments, connected with publication : those of watching the reception, which the public may be disposed to offer, or which criticism may be disposed to give, constitute the most fevered and most uneasy hours that book-making produces. I am aware that the present volume possesses little to secure attention, and nothing to entitle it to rank above those ephemeral productions, with which the press is constantly teeming : yet, at the same time, I cannot repress a hope, but that, as *this* is the first strictly national poem that has been offered to the Irish reader, the Irish public may extend to *it* a patronage, the want of which has so often caused their literary men to complain ; and which, while the kingdoms of England and Scotland are hourly ascending in the scale of letters, has left her without a literature of her own.

It is almost presumption for an individual, not gifted with abilities of the first order, to intrude on a stage, which continues to present a variety of superior aspirants ; and it is doubly presumptuous when that individual, like the present writer, has got but little to recommend, and less to encourage. There are some, perhaps, who will ask, why, with these impressions, I should still venture before the public eye ?—many who will ascribe my appearance to the impulse of vanity, or the dictates of a foolish ambition ; but to these I have no answer to make.

They, who have never felt the in-burnings of a soul, that would fain stand out from the level mass of men ; who lives but for fame, and whose most earnest aspirations are after a name that shall be entitled to descend to posterity with those of the great and the illustrious ;—*they* cannot appreciate my motives. To *them*, it would be vain to attempt an explanation of the principle by which I am actuated ; but to those, who understand the deep, the quenchless longings of a young and ardent mind, who have ever felt the glow and the rapture of inspiration awake with *them*—to *those*, my motives need no explanation ; *they* have felt them, and they know them. Should it be the misfortune of this volume to be confined to the bookseller's warehouse, I shall have gleaned at least one advantage from its composition—the pleasure and the enchantment, which the companionship of the Muses has assisted to throw around a few of many wearisome hours : but, should its success be such as I could wish, my proudest feeling will be that of having hung my first poetic garland on the lyre of my country ; and should the world proclaim that I have not struck its chords in vain, its sweetest note will be that, which shall echo the name of IRELAND, united with all the graces of legend and of minstrelsy.

Sir Walter Scott has given a glow of sympa-

thetic interest, previously unfelt, to Scottish story, by adapting many of its prominent features to the rules of metrical romance ; and I am not aware why it should be denied to the Irish minstrel to purchase a similar favor for that of his own beloved land. Ireland latterly has begun to exert her influence over the band of fiction. Mr. Banim, Crofton Croker, and the author of "Holland Tide," have well acquitted themselves in their respective departments ; and it now only remains for the bird of song to take its flight among her cliffs and her rocks, and return loaded with the thousand beauties and attractions, which its journey will supply. I have essayed a feeble pinion ; but if I am followed in my airy path, by any more gifted bard, I shall feel happy in sharing even the meanest wreath, that is blooming round the long neglected "Harp of Innisfail !"

The poems of which the book is composed require little elucidation ; and that the notes will be found to supply. My lay is, in many parts, a light and a careless one ; and I have not unfrequently, altogether disregarded the regularity of the metre.

Malheureux mille fois celui, dont la manie
Veut aux règles de l'art asservir son génie !

And, indeed, I do think it infinitely more advis-

able to obey the impulse of the Muse, than the restraints of criticism—much better to write as nature dictates, than according to the cold and uninspiring regulations of art. Fancy and imagination should be the ground-work of poesy; and a superstructure, whose adornments should be splendid and airy, ought not to be erected on the heavy foundations of rule and of method. The world has long been tired of the solemn and majestic lines of Pope and his school; and the didactic march of their verse has few charms for a reader of the present day, since the versatile genius of Byron and of Moore has introduced him into a more varied, a more agreeable, and a more flowing region.

I have selected Killarney for the scene of the principal tale, not only from an inclination to celebrate its wondrous beauties of hill and dale, but also from a wish to consecrate many a happy hour, that I have wasted amid its vast loveliness. And should this book contribute anything to the attractions of a place, whose fascinations nature has made immortal, it will be subject of more gratification, than the most unqualified approbation of the critic could confer.

The “Legend of the Lakes” is altogether the offspring of imagination, and “The Geraldine”

takes its origin from a historical fact, which is given in its proper place.

The political sentiments which I sometimes inculcate, may seem to demand a parting observation. I do not wish to make my book subservient to the violence or the feelings of a party ; but, at the same time, I must acknowledge that I have lost no opportunity of expressing that honest indignation, which the state of government in Ireland is calculated to produce. It is, perhaps, a bold and an imprudent thing for the “ hereditary bondsman” to raise his voice in the language of fearless expostulation, or in the more discontented accents of complaint. But, while the mind continues to swell beyond the restraints of corporal servitude, and while the intelligence, the numbers, and the wealth of the people, are on the increase, there will be those who are prepared to trumpet the wrongs of Ireland to the world, and to weep over the tale as they give it to mankind. However, far be it from me to suggest or approve of any line of conduct, which the most strict obedience to the law would not sanction. England owes to Ireland a debt of heavy justice ; it should be paid while yet there is time ; or, when this “ wonder of surrounding nations” least expects the deed, it may be wrested from her with an accumulation of dreadful retribution. Although sensible I am of

the evil policy, with which my Catholic countrymen, for so long a period, have been governed; and although much I deplore the fatuity, which continues this misrule, still I never could feel myself justified in advising any conduct, opposed to the most peaceable and loyal. Their only redress is in the legislature, and though extravagant may be the notions of youthful enthusiasm, the legislature can be their only eventual and effectual liberators.

As I have occasion to revert to the transactions of 1798, I wish to express my detestation of the act, to which some of my countrymen were, at that time, instigated. It would be folly to approve of a measure, which is so diametrically at variance with the principles of our holy religion, while no sincere patriot could look back on those scenes of devastation, and of bloodshed, and of horror, without condemning the mistaken feeling that gave them birth. The Orange bigot may rejoice in the opportunity of pouring forth an oblation of Catholic blood on the altar of his deities, but the Catholic must shrink from a contest, that could lead him only to disgrace and the scaffold. While I am unqualified in my reprobation of *this* rebellion, and of most such insurrections, I still do not mean to preach the doctrine of passive obedience,

nor to say that there are not times when rebellion would be justified.

The right by which one individual governs the destinies of those who present him with his authority, is a right emanating from the unanimous consent of the people :—it is a right, founded on the conviction that the interests of society will be better preserved, when under the guardianship of one distinct ruler, than if committed to the casual sway of the many ; and when the voice of the people commits this sacred deposit to the hands of a certain dynasty, they oblige the receivers to watch with impartiality over their common weal ; without empowering them to extend that authority to the oppression or degradation of any class or sect. The administrators of a free government, such as that of Great Britain theoretically is, *have* not ;—the administrators of no government *ought* to have the power of exalting or overturning, of enacting or rescinding, according to their arbitrary will ; the people universally, or any class of the people particularly, ought not to be, and are not, subjected to the caprice of the sovereign ; and if the edicts of the monarch promulgate a code breathing proscription and redolent with annihilation, the sufferers are authorized, both in a moral and a civil point of view, to resist that stretch of

authority, as far as their capabilities will admit—
if necessary, even to deposition of the tyrant !

As abstract principles, these would seem to me to be perfectly correct ; but while I listen to the voice of my instructors, and obey the prescriptions of my religion, they must be rejected. Catholicity whispers in the language of St. Paul :—“ Let every soul be subject to higher powers ; for there is no power but from God, and those that are ordained of God. Wherefore be subject of necessity, not only for wrath but for conscience sake.” With these precepts before our eyes, we never can forget our duty to our God or our sovereign.” Here end the observations of my friend ; but to continue the style, which he had adopted ;—

While we petition for our rights, and while we proffer compliance to the decrees of the legislature, we would have England remember, that the lion may be goaded into an unwilling exertion of its strength ; that the patience of a people may be exhausted, and that they may be taught to consider it more consonant to their majesty to demand justice with the sword in their hand and the banner unfurled, than on the bended knee and with the suppliant tongue. We would say to her in the eloquent language of the patriotic and learned Earl of Shrewsbury :—“ Nothing can be finer

than the present disposition of the whole Irish people. Mankind never exhibited a more noble instance of zeal tempered with discretion; and of suffering sanctified by patience. God grant that such dispositions may last as long as the occasion which produces them! But their own history, and the history of the whole world tells us, and *warns* us while it tells us, that there are circumstances beyond which patience will not endure, and tyranny will goad on to desperation. May Heaven avert so dreadful a calamity!"* Sincerely uniting in the prayer, and as solicitously pointing out the consequence, I take leave of the subject, and allow my reader and the government to ponder what I have written, and what I have quoted.

My epistle has run to greater length than I had intended; and, indeed, as I purpose affixing it to the volume, I have indulged in observations, which I should not otherwise have made; however, as it explains my views and my motives, I trust, my dear Tim, that you, and with you the public, will not be the less disposed to smile on my labours and assist my exertions. I speak openly and without disguise; other language would not suit me; and although the critics may bestow abuse for thus

* Reasons for not taking the Test, &c. &c. p. 31.

intermingling politics with the lighter productions of literature, your approval and that of the Irish public will be more than sufficient to counterbalance every other mortification. This is my first attempt; it depends on that public whether it shall be my last. Adieu, then for the present,

Excepto quod non simul esses, cætera lætus,

And believe me,

My dear Tim,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

D. S. L.

Cheltenham,
September 1, 1828.



TO THE GENIUS OF ERIN.

WAKE from thy sleeping ! wake, thou beauteous spirit
And breathe thy voice o'er Erin's harp. Sweet maid
Of poesy and love, let me inherit
The soul of elder bards : let their deep shade
Of music melt upon my strings, and fade
In rapture o'er the lyrist's chord ! The land
Of vanished empire and of chiefs decayed,
Scathed by the flash of desolation's brand,
Gleams on my view, and gives a magic to my wand !

Fair Peri of my soul ! to thee, I turn—
IERNE ! night star of the poet's thought—
Who giv'st a tinge to those far orbs, that burn
In airy fancy's vast horizon, fraught
With every kindling beam that song has caught
From heaven's veiled throne. Thy image softly strays
O'er all the sketchings of my soul, and naught
Of life e'er mingles with th' aspiring lays,
Save that which tells the greatness of thy elder days.

High days of empire and of freedom ! song
 Shall bid you live as its eternal theme ;
 And the lost splendors of thy princes, long
 Shall give new brightness to the poet's flame !
 Where are the honours of your sainted name ?
 Where are the records of your crowned pride ?
 Fling them to deathless poesy ! let *them* claim
 Eternity of life, ev'n when the tide
 Of lengthened ages shall have rolled o'er all beside !

Bright, as a comet on its skiey way,
 When waving o'er the clouds with meteor wing,
 The vision of past days flits by, for they
 Were fairest of the mind's imagining !
 And oh ! that poetry could o'er them fling
 A halo from its own full world of light,
 For seldom such adorn the minstrel's string !
 But *mine* is powerless, and its transient might
 All honorless, is waning to an early night.

Where are the dreams of Erin's loveliness ?
 And where the storied brightness of her isle ?
 Flushed in the rolling Shannon's warm caress,
 LIMERICK—its turrets and its temples—smile
 In melancholy grandeur o'er the soil ;
 Upon its battlemented brow, the hand
 Of perfidy has been ; and a lone spoil,

In widowhood, its ivied watch-towers stand,
Frowning upon the perjured victors of the land.

Where is the sunny blaze of those blue eyes,
That glanced enchantment through each banquet hall?
Where are the tongues—the notes—the symphonies,
That lived upon the breath of festival?
Where is the silver voice of joyance—all
That gave quick gladness to the heart; when free
And happy, Erin wore the coronal,
That diademed her pride? Where do they flee—
Those rosy days of triumph and of revelry?

Brave, as the Arab on his desert steed,
Our sons have been the first in manhood's fight;
And they have battled for their father's creed,
Hewing their path through ranks of serried might.
And our fair daughters! Oh! the bloom and light
Of beauty, as a veil, were o'er their brow.
But *where* those eyes, those lips of love? where now
The sun that shone upon us in its morning glow?

Passed is the pageant of our might; our halls
Are desolate, and the inspiring lyre
Of minstrelsy hangs silent on the walls,
That erst have answered to the bardic choir,
When Erin's genius touched its harp of fire.

Gone are our patriots! In the loathsome grave
Of infamy, *they* sleep; and the dark pyre
That thralldom kindled for the conquered brave;
Has been a lamp of honor to the recreant slave!

We have been great and glorious, we have been
Throned with the mighty; and the kings of earth
Have worshipped at our shrines; while, in the green,
Fresh shades of Erin's isle, they've watch'd the birth
Of science and of sun-bright poesy. Forth
From her island, in radiance and in power,
The flashings of deep minds have gone; and worth
And majesty have blossomed, as a flower,
That opens to the sun, 'neath the soft April shower.

Ierne! I have loved thee, with the keen,
Strong pang of love the patriot feels; and wild
And pure its mad intensity hath been;
Yes! it is like the Incas' shrine, defiled
With naught, whereon a god may not have smiled.
And if thy image haunts the first weak notes
That I have toned—the evanescent child
Of roused Ambition's flame—oh! let it float
Round Erin's sons, like music round a fairy moat!

Oft, would I tune, in varied mood, to lake,
And stream, and shadowed hill, and wizard glen,

The chords that now I touch : oft would they wake,
At evening hour, by the dark mountain, when
Valley and dell would give them back again ;
But never have they known a sweeter strain
Than that which murmured ERIN'S name, for then
Would Freedom bless the lay, and woo the reign
Of its resplendent genius o'er each wasted plain.

Visions of horror ! visions of despair !
Why, ever hover round our Emerald shore ?
Grief in her homes, and weeping in the air,
Ireland is pillowed on a couch of gore ;
While the stern demons of destruction soar,
Wildly, around each desecrated shrine.
The slave—the renegade—the base adore,
In the proud temples of our royal line,
While faction mimics truth and deems the call divine !

How long shall we be captives in the land
Our fathers held ? How long, shall the bar'd sword,
In lightning, glitter from the tyrant's hand—
Red dyed in the fresh blood our sons have poured,
A dark oblation to the stranger lord ?
Put on thy cuirass, arm thy patriot band,
Until thy warriors hail, in loud accord,

That great redeeming hour, when valour's brand
Shall gleam in vengeance at th' indignant world's command!

Oh! who could hope to shackle the rude might
Of ocean boiling into tempest? who
Could guide the thunder of the maddening fight?
Or who repress the soul of man, when through
The clouds of war, redemption meets his view?
Aye! there are feelings in the breast, the hand
Of tyranny can never tame, and few
The spirits that could quell a patriot band,—
The rising prowess of a subjugated land!

I've wandered by the sea-green shore, when dark
And solemn night came down upon its breast;
I've heard the heron shriek; I've seen the bark,
At eve, sweep o'er the wave, as 'twere unblest;
I've watched the eagle as it left its nest,
To ride on the far clouds; and thoughts of *thee*
Would throw a shroud, sweet Erin! o'er the rest.
Then, stranger, marvel not that there should be,
Faint picturings of her griefs in this wild minstrelsy!

But I have done! spirit come o'er my breast
With thy irradiate mellowness of fame!

Once, once again awake, and let me rest
In the flowered isles of living song. Blessed flame
Of poesy descend upon my name
And wrap it in thy folds. Give me thy spell,
Ierne's child, and let thy minstrel claim
The praise of those who love thy psaltery well,
While he shall breathe the witch-notes of thy island shell!

LEGEND OF THE LAKES.

Tw'as a fair scene—a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold !

MOORE.

Last of her race, a lonely flower,
She dwelt within their ruined tower.
Orphan, without one link to bind
Nature's affection to her kind !
She grew up a neglected child,
As pure, as beautiful, as wild,
As the field-flowers which were for years
Her only comrades and compeers.

L. E. L.

LEGEND OF THE LAKES.

OH ! who that has heard of the hill-crested lake,
Where the waters flow on, in a heaven-ward stream,
Whose sparkles of Eden would bid us foresake
The wine-cups of mortals for nectar like them ;
Oh! who, that had been 'mid the roses and bowers,
Where nature is wreathed with the fairest of flowers,
And where echo, and beauty, and pleasure, and love,
Melt in gladness and light o'er each arbutus grove ;
Oh! who has been *there*, and not felt that the land
Was a Paradise sprung from Omnipotence hand ?
The Emperor bird of the gold-clothed sky,
At evening may swoop from his rock-nest on high ;
And the war-note of battle may ring o'er the earth,
With its hollow shout pealing in murderous mirth,—
Yet, here were the spot, where the lake and the river,
Steal on to the ocean, in beauty, for ever,—
Yes ! *here* were the spot, where the lone soul may rest,
Until summoned away to the fields of the blest ;

And while heaving in prayer it would hallow each sod,
The vistas should ope on the portals of God !
Though few be the pleasures that blossom around,

Which the sear touch of woe will not ever profane,
And though frail be the gifts, in the banquet-hall found,
When the revel is kindling the blood in the vein ;
Yet here might we hope for such moments, as Heaven
But seldom, to man, in its wisdom hath given ;
And here might it be that the tyrant would cease
To frown in dismay on a prostrated race ;
For it never could be that Divinity gave
Such a bright land as this for the shrine of a slave !

When the night-clouds are twining the mists of their veil
In a silvery web, o'er the dew-curtained mountain,
And the watch-towers of Heaven, that mock at the gale,
Look down, in their lustre, o'er valley and fountain ;
Then, *then*, is the hour for the poet to stray,
In his wildness of soul, by the couch of the spray,
And watching the stars as they tremble above,
To fancy them brightning with softness and love ;
For this is the time when the feelings of Heaven,
The purest and best, to the full heart are given !
And this is the hour when the book of the skies
Opes its pages of fate to all " ignorant eyes."
Then go, read the secrets of earth and of air,
For the future lies shrined with its mysteries, there ;

Go, spell in the scroll it unrolls to the view,
 All life has of darkest or brightest of hue.
 But oh ! when you turn from the star-rays on high,
 Go, bask in the warmth of a melting blue eye ;
 For surely on earth there is nothing so bright,
 As a beautiful eye-beam, all laughter and light !

Oft, oft at this hour, when the moon-painted wave
 Rolled calmly along to the far ocean's tide,
 When it seemed as if youth could not choose for its grave
 A more sanctified bed than the gulph at my side ;
 I have strayed by the fount, I have stood by the river,
 And marking the bubbles that thrilled from the ground,
 I have thought how our life passing upward for ever,
 Like them, was a thing but of murmur and sound ;
 And turning from them to the radiance, that shone
 O'er the vallies and hills, like gems on a throne,
 I have thought it a spot, where the out-breaking mind
 Might shake down the fetters, that shackle its flight,
 And winging through air, like the leaves on the wind,
 Leave genius to roam through its regions of light.
 Were the fictions of time, in their fresh ivy dress,
 To bring us some glimpses of long-buried glory,
 Oh ! here is the spot that such visions possess,
 The grandest illusions of legend and story !

Loved theme of this harp! though my country may rest
In the clasp of oppression, and sorrow, and pain,
In thy bosom of quiet, that fate will be blessed,
Which may pour on thy echoes its exquisite strain!
Though our children may weep o'er the chain on the limb,
And the young eye of gladness with mourning be dim,
Though the curse of a kingdom may ring on the ears
Of the rulers, who watered her vineyards with tears,
From the depth of thy mountains, the song shall rush
forth ;
And its voice shall be sweet to the freemen of earth ;
Though its tale be a mixture of sorrows and smiles,
Like a long autumn-day in those same sunny isles !

When the day-god flings out his red banner of fire,
And the pale lamps of night to their palace retire,
All trembling in air, as if fearing the god
Would o'erwhelm with his splendour their mystic abode,
I've seen his new glories break over the Heaven,
And burst on the earth, as a sinner forgiven,
So sunny and guileless the innocent face,
Which he gave to the world in his sun-shiny race!
And as reeling in heat o'er each satellite cloud,
He shone on the domes of the poor and the proud,
Methought it were pity, the base and the good
Should drink in their life from the same lucid flood,—

That the patriot breast, and the renegade brow,
 Alike should be warmed with the same holy glow.
 And to see the green islands, all glittering in sun,
 Who e'er would have thought of the deeds that were
 done—

Who e'er could have thought that the desperate vision
 Of crime, hath been over a land so elysian?
 But her reign is gone by, and the stray-beam that falls,
 In lingering gloom, on her mouldering walls,
 Like a light from the dead, but illumines the tomb,
 Where the valiant are sleeping with helmet and
 plume.

Like a beautiful form, when existence is gone,
 And the last flush of passion for ever is flown,
 Some fluttering trace of her loveliness, yet
 Blushes over the sadness of Erin's sun-set!

Lapped in the dawn of mountain-glory,
 The bigot ne'er has dwelt with thee!
 Nor has the hand, with murder gory,
 Waved o'er the isles that gem *thy* sea.
 Peace in thy bosom, thy white waves
 Have never been a home to slaves:
 And when the thousands knelt before
 The idol that a party made,

Truth and religion on thy shore,
Still flourished in their sacred shade.
Ne'er has the banner discord raised,
O'er thy exempted islands blazed ;
And never has the enthusiast's tongue
Its errors to thy people flung !
KILLARNEY ! cradle of my youth,
Hallowed is every rood of thine
By those dear hours, when boyhood's truth
Looked on the world as all divine.
And ah ! that those past hours of dreaming
Should e'er have vanished from the eye !—
That e'er the sleep, with transport beaming,
Should wake to dull reality !
Gone is the charm of youth's gay hours,
When hearts were light and hope was ours,
And the cold jeer of scorn and hate
Hath made me doubly desolate.

In this wide world, there is no grief,
Like to the hearts, whose strings are broken ;
Whose very madness mocks relief,
And shuns the word of comfort spoken !
It is a drear and gloomy thing
To see the human soul take wing ;

But gloomier far to watch decay
 Gloat on its victim, day by day—
 To see the vermeil cheek and eye
 Wrapt in a deadly apathy ;
 And know that human ills have made
 The ruin and the wreck we see—
 That that lorn heart, though thus decayed,
 Once lived in mirth and revelry.
 And then, may those who laughed to scorn
 The blissful dimples of its joy,
 Exult, since *they* have taught to mourn
 A soul they would, and did, destroy.
 Yet, such were mine, could I bend down
 Unto a wayward people's frown :
 But smile the smile, and laugh the laugh,
 Of glory's cup I yet may quaff,
 And live to look derision to
 Those who would dim my morning's hue.

Killarney ! I love thee, thou ever shalt be
 A beacon of poesy and joyance to me !
 The friends that dwell in thy tranquil bosom,
 Who gave a magic to every hour,
 Ere boyhood's bud had assumed the blossom
 Of manhood—brief and perishing flower !

The curling foam of thy brilliant waters,
When boiling up to the playful skies ;
And oh ! above all, thy nymph-like daughters,
With their ruby lips and their witching eyes :—
These, these I love, and their soothing spell
On my reckless mind for aye shall dwell ;
And when promise has ceased to gild the scene,
That youth spreads out to the thoughtless one,
May my tombstone be near the village green,
Where the course of life was erst begun :
And the village maid, as she passes by,
Will strew a flower on the poet's bed ;
And a prayer will mix with her gentle sigh,
For him, who lies with his kindred dead !

THE STAG HUNT.

MORN'S on the mountains ! Morn's on the sea !
Health in the air and bliss for me !
Away o'er the clouds, the night-stars fly
As the Sun-god dawns on the bright red sky.
Morn's on the mountains ! Islet and stream
Are bath'd in the warmth of the wanton beam ;
And all of earth—the palace and the grave—
Laughs in the ray that gilds the wave !

From his cave of heather, the forest stag
Springs o'er the steep and brambled crag ;
And proudly he lifts his antlered head,
As he dashes forth from his caverned bed.
Blithely, the hymn of the risen bird,
Through the summer-woods, in its song, is heard ;
And the fresh fair hue, that the sun-beams bring,
Is glittering over its Iris wing ;

While its notes of love, in their matin prayer,
Fill with their breath the odorous air.
All, all is life ! From the lake below
The sun has raised his fiery brow ;
And azure and gold spread o'er the bay,
As morning breaks into glorious day.
Not a breeze to stir their dreamy breast,
The waters bask in their splendid rest ;
And man might gaze from morn till night,
As he saw them sleep on the couch of light,
And gazing on in his rapture stay,
Until night again had turned to day !
The broad fair sun is over all,
By cottage hearth or monarch's hall ;
But, oh ! how varied is the power,
With which, they greet the orient hour !
To hill, to valley, lake and river,
Its flash of heaven brings heat for ever ;
But to the scathed human heart,
What promise can its dawn impart ?
The wind of winter may repose
Upon the blush-leaves of the rose,
And when spring blossoms on the plain,
It may return to bloom again :
But man !—nor care, nor time, nor spring
Can e'er restore his withering ;

And when the thrall of bondage flings
 Death to the mind's imaginings ;
 When the parched brow no longer finds
 Freedom or freshness in the winds ;
 And in his father's land, a slave,
 His heritage is in the grave,
 What beauty or what hope can he,
 In its resplendence ever see ?
 Alas! unhappy man, that aught
 Can blast the gift the Godhead gave!
 But though the dungeon be thy grave,
 Yet tyrants cannot shackle thought,
 Nor curb the darings of the brave.
 High, shall the dauntless flourish yet,
 Though empires wane, and kingdoms set!

Queen of wave-beauty! living light
 Of story to the poet's soul,
 When day-dreams of the deep and bright,
 O'er his enraptured fancy roll :
 LOUGH LANE! how inspiration fills
 The chambers of her mystic mind,—
 Drinking enchantment on thy hills,
 And fragrance in thy wind :
 While every curl of thy lake's spray,
 Flinging to earth its pearly foam,

And when its tempest reign is sped,
And fresh and young are with the dead,
Thou yet shall be as fair and wild—
Creation's most enduring child !
But ah ! that human grief should break
Upon those shores of thine, sweet lake ;—
That their inhabitants should know
The agony of human woe !
For e'en on thee hath blown the gale,
That swept in storm o'er Innisfail ;
And in the tents of war hath perished
Many a heart, which thou hast cherished !

To gaze upon thy tideless wave,
Warm in the hue the sunset gave,—
To saunter 'neath the twilight's shadow,
That curtains every flowery meadow,
When contemplation's best revealing
Pours o'er the soul its tide of feeling ;
Oh then it is the hour "to scan
The labyrinth of the heart of man,"
And leaving earth and toil behind,
To trace the workings of the mind.
And while the birds of summer sing
Farewell unto the parting spring,
Let *thy* dark hills and legend shores
Unfold to me their treasure stores !

Like the first glimpse, the sainted have
Of that bright land beyond the skies,
Radiant and glowing, on the wave
Thus morning greets earth's wondering eyes !
Warm from his ray-fringed bed, the sun
Bursts on the rocks of Mangerton ;
Its briered path and frowning brow,
In their effulgence gleaming now,
Are temples meet for man to raise
His voice unto his Maker's praise :
For where the sky is hung above,
And torrents round the altars roar,
Is meetest for the god of love,
When man would worship and adore.
High on its budding foliage there,
Green Tormies fills the spicy air ;
And all the blasts that stir the glade,
Rush from the foam of its cascade,
Making sweet murmurs as they go,
Like harp notes, to the lake below.
Glena,—ascending in her dress
Of woodland's airy loveliness,—
Smiles like a garden, where a fay
Might love to pass its sunny day ;
So blandly fragrant fall the showers
Of summer, on its amaranth bowers.

And far off, in the silver cloud,
Like beauty 'mid the prostrate crowd,
Soars, in magnificence alone,
The royal eagle's highland throne.
There, where the pinion of his strength
Is wont to flap its haughty length :
There, where with bold and challenge cry,
Appalling echo in her rest,
He greets his vassals of the sky,
Is pinnacled the EAGLE'S NEST :
And as the morning clothes the hill,
It looks more bright and glorious still !

The day is up ! a splendid scene
For those who love the forest green ;
And dell and glen and vale are rife
With youth's expectancy and life.
Forth, from his quiet in the wood,
The roe-buck leaves his solitude ;
And bounding 'neath each spangled tree,
(Spangled and beauteous with the dew,
Which lovely nature o'er it threw,)
He walks the green sward gallantly.
The throng of men, the hunting train,
On the steep hill their course have ta'en ;
While every rock and every vale,
Bear answer to the hunter's tale,

As swarming in their thousands round,
They tread along each hillock mound.
There, sheening in their white array,
They seem like genii of the day,
Stalking along the mountain's summit,
Until their duties called them from it!

The booming boats are on the waters,
The waves are dimpled with the oars,
And all the bright of Erin's daughters
Is banded on those leafy shores.
Oh! fair the scene, where maiden eye
Beams, in its fondness, lovingly;
Where the won soul of kindling youth
Throbs with the vow of plighted truth,
And every lip and every brow
Is touched with beauty's hallowing glow;
While, in their own light's galaxy,
Roll the flushed waters of the sea.
And such was Lough Lane, when the stag
Leaped from its covert in the crag.
Well have I loved to gaze upon
A scene so full of life and sun;
But looking on the happy crowd,
I've felt my spirit sunk and bowed;

For I would think how even they
Should pass unto the silent clay.
And it were pity *they* should die,
Whose life was in the halls of joy—
That the soft brow and sylphed form,
Should e'er be banquet for the worm!

Hark ! that sound from the distant wood !
Whence comes that flash o'er the voiceless flood ?
It is the signal gun that wakes
The opening echoes of the lakes !
That wild holloo and that deep-toned note,
Which onward over the blue waves float,
Loud ringing through the vallies, say
The stag is on his headlong way !
It is ! the lordly beast is risen
And boldly bounds before the hound,
To find his native haunts a prison,
With dog and huntsman closing round.
Magnificently on his track,
Press on the fine and gallant pack.
Beagle and buck-hounds onward go,
Dashing through each heathy brake,
Till breathless all, before the foe
He plunges downward to the lake ;

And through the water featly swims,
Refreshing there his panting limbs.
It were a noble sight to see
That antlered stag wind fearlessly
O'er every rock and every bay
That met him in his tedious way;
While as he tossed his horns abroad,
 He looked the monarch of the plain,
All reckless on the mountain sod,
 Which he shall never tread again!

In sooth, 'twere long to tell each path
 O'er which the gallant stag hath strayed,
Since he hath left his den of heath
 In the far mountains balmy shade.
Oft, would the hunters note the day,
And sing his weary length of way;
And often would his praises tell,
Of how he ran and where he fell.
It little boots that minstrel song
Such idle boasting should prolong!

* * * *

The chase is o'er, and the deep bay
Of hound and horn hath died away.

Reeling to death, his life-strength pass'd,
The roebuck perishes at last.
While the full music of the hound
Pours his loud coronach around,
The oars are up, the boats are still,
And exultation wakes the hill!

But who is he, with haughty eye,
That scorns the gaze of passer by?
And who is he, with lordly mien,
That led the chace o'er hill and green?
The wood-knife bared to its silver haft,
Is sheathed in the hart with a hunter's craft;
But as he takes the noble prize,
'Mid shouts, that load the genial skies
Oh! whither wends he with the prey,
Which he hath won and borne away?

Most beautiful upon the waves,
Like sparks from gems beneath the billow,
When glistening from their coral caves,
They diadem the sailor's pillow,
Thus bright and beautiful and fair,
Rocked a white-shrouded pinnacle there;
Hung on the waters, like a thing
Of air, upon its gossamer wing.

And as O'CONNOR donned his coat,
And turned him to that shining boat,
Deep love and soul and feeling spoke,
In the o'ershadowing blush that broke,
In fluttering crimson, on the dark
Cheek of the maiden in that bark!

Nursed in the lap of filial care,
An aged man sat on that deck :
His eye had lost its living glare,
And time had made his form—a wreck !
The rushing of a monarch's blood
Had fanned his cheek in early years,
When he had stood 'mid bannered spears,
And triumphed on the battle's flood.
But gone his might of nerve and limb—
And earth were joyless now for him,
Save that his lovely daughter's breast,
Were cradle to his aged rest.
The lofty mien of manhood's state,
On his bowed frame no longer sate.
His thoughts were of the narrow tomb ;
His brow was mantled with the gloom
Of whitened hairs, whose rapid fall,
Like autumn leaves, preludes the season,
When shrouded in the church-yard pall,
We bid adieu to earthly reason.

Oh ! that 'twere given to mortal eye
To read the mysteries of the sky :
Oh ! that 'twere given to mortal fate,
To rend the tomb, and penetrate
What wond'rous scenes are oped to those,
Who sink into its drear repose ;
Who hope, and falsely hope, to find
More calmness than they've left behind.
Yes ! falsely hopes the erring soul,

 The first, last tear by penitence shed,
Will wash from the recording scroll,

 The guilt that sleepeth with the dead.
No ! not the balm of dying tears
Can blot the deeds of gathered years ;
Not the wild sigh that herald's death,
Can win for us the seraph's wreath.
Oh ! it is something heavier far,

 Than dying agony will pay,
That can break down sin's massive bar,

 And lead us to celestial day !
But why enquire ? for never yet
Could man unseal the signet set
By the Creator, on the fate
He cannot, dare not, penetrate !
And if there be a world unknown
 Beyond the everlasting sky,

Where God has his stupendous throne

In cloud and power and majesty,

Oh! what are all the cares and woes,

That earth's unholy lot bestows,

For in that land of sun and flowers,

We ne'er shall weep this world of ours?

The sons of Judah left their homes,

And had their night-rest on the sand—

Journeying to worship 'neath the domes

Of cedar, in the promised land:

Who would not watch the dreariest night,

To wake in such fair clime of light?

Within that small and shining bark,

A lovely maiden sat beside him,

As if she came to shed a spark

Of hope, to comfort and to guide him.

There, in her hour of beauty smiling,

She looked upon the rest,

With eye, that shone as if beguiling

All that harrowed, from the breast.

Oh! she—that maid—was lovelier far,

Than Northern virgins often are!

Her's was the aspect of the South,

Sunny and soft and bright—

Their blush and cheek—their ruby mouth—

Their glance of love and light!

Her's was the sunshine of the heart,
From revel and from earth apart ;
Making her own deep passions find
Existence for her spirit mind ?

E'en through her sorrows, Erin smiled,
Upon so fair and pure a child !
Though the loved cradle of her birth
Was not among the bowers of earth,
She had the charms, which sit upon
The Indian daughters of the Sun !
Sparkling and full, her virgin eye,
 Flashed with the brightness of the mind ;
And as it wandered smilingly,
 In beauty's path-ways, unconfined,
There was the triumph and the ray
Of young life, scorning at decay :
Softly back was flung the braid,
 Like vesper-clouds of golden even,
Which hung upon that angel maid,
 With all the grace of gifts of heaven.
But when, her fairy fingers passed
 Over Ierne's warbling lyre,
And rising inspiration cast
 O'er eye and brow, its mantling fire ;

Then, then would CORA's ripe lips stir
To the high tales of days gone by,
When glory was the sepulchre
Of Erin's mailed chivalry !

In her dark eye, there was a deep,
Bright fountain of etherial feeling :
And often would that dark eye weep
The tear of comfort and of healing,
To soothe the breast, whose sufferings were
A theme of mourning unto her.
Oft she would love to stray alone
By the clear stream and Druid stone ;
And the rude heath and silent glen,
Far from the hollow laugh of men,
Were more to her, than all the gay
Cold blandishments of festal sway ;
In the deceitful joy of crowds,
She saw the listlessness of death,
Where pleasure's charnel mantle shrouds
Disease below the wine-cup's wreath ;
While all the folly fashion blesses,
Seemed wooing to the grace's caresses !

Her female soul was of that mould,
Which mankind seldom can behold :

Cast in the frame of ages gone ;
She stood, heroic, and alone ;
And the rich blood of Ireland's pride
Rose through her veins—a royal tide.
By the dark moss-rock on the hill,
When heaven and earth and sea were still ;
By the loud torrents's cataract roar,
When evening fell on isle and shore ;
Then she were wont to make the air
High altar to her incense prayer ;
And with her lonely hymn ascending
Upon the wings of rosy even,
One name would mingle, ever blending
With the rapt thoughts she gave to heaven.

Offspring of sorrows and of chartered woe,
Ireland has wreathed with dust her royal brow ;
And the red eye of battle hath glanced down
Its glare of terror on her riven crown ;—
While the terrific god of licenced guilt
Is glorying in the blood that Erin spilt.
Bound in a scorpion-knot, round Innisfail,
The deeds of Albion are a tragic-tale,
At which the cheek of infancy grows pale ;
While the long catalogue of withering crime
Is flung a death-page to the scrolls of time !

“ Roll onward where thou wilt, unshackled wave,
“ And waft me to some island of the brave.
“ In wild magnificence and tameless foam,
“ Yet be thy bosom the young freeman’s home;
“ And though the despot may profane the earth,
“ Yet *thou* art happy in thy chainless birth!
“ Roll high, thou wave, and let thy spirit be
“ A spirit of quick winds to waken me!
“ The sceptre of the king may wither all,
“ But thou art free and buoyant in thy hall;
“ And thou may’st roll thee, where the wild gales blow,
“ Nor feel the hand of tyrants o’er thy brow.
“ Blue lake of billows! wanton where you will,
“ Oh! thou art free, untamed, and glorious still!”

And thus *her* bursting soul would often long
To pour itself o’er Lough Lane’s isles of song—
Wishing that she could claim the warrior’s mail,
And woo the battle for her Innisfail!
Yes! she had known how desolation’s band
Hath trampled o’er the vineyards of her land,
And as she worshipped at her prostrate shrine,
She seemed the beauteous relic of a vanished line!

Oh! I would rather have such feelings high,
And plain my moanings to the querulous sky,
Than be the gorgeous chief of gems and gold—
Wealth for which bartered liberty were sold!

I would not have the curse of blighted slaves,
The heritage t' enrich my childrens' graves ;—
I would not have the widow's soul-wrung tear
To drop its stream of wrath upon my bier ;—
I would not have the patriot give my name
To fearful execration and to shame :—
Oh ! no, I'd rather meet the battle's glance,
And dig my tomb with my own fiery lance ;
Although REBELLION marked my humble grave,
As the last rest of one, who could not—live a slave !!

And this was Cora ! lovely thing,
As ever spread its woven wing,
To catch the heart of mortal lover,
Within it net-work's fairy cover :—
Lovely as Dian in the grove,
All formed for bliss and made for love.
And as O'Conner turned him now
To her swift pinnace, gilded prow,
A deeper die was on his brow
Than mountain flush, or hunter's glow.
Most gracefully the hunter laid
His spoil before that witching maid ;
And well might maiden heart be proud,
To be of such the chosen queen ;
For none of all that gifted crowd
Could soothly boast such knightly mien.

Fair Cora took the prize, and round
The clarions poured their world of sound ;
She blushed in smiles, and, swan-like, flew
Her bark o'er that broad lake of blue !

THE BANQUET.

IN its full blaze of parting light,
Slow sinks the day on Lough Lane's breast,
Clothing the hills with all the bright
Refulgence of its evening vest :
Slow rolled its car of living red
To the weed cells of ocean's bed ;
And golden cloud and floating mist
Its brow of purple flame have kissed.
Slow, o'er the mountain-girdled shore
Fades its departing blaze,
As seemed the sun-founts loath to pour
Away, their farewell rays ;
While air and earth and isle and bay,
In a rich sheet of sunshine lay !

The moon is on its skiey path,
Torched by the glow the twilight hath,

And ladies' eyes are sheening bright
In INNISFALLEN'S isle to-night.
Blissful and happy many a band
Of love and youth are on its strand :
And never hath the poet's lyre,
 Awoke to scenes of brighter beaming ;
And never hath his words of fire
 Sung to young eyes of softer seeming !
The moon is out ; its lamp hangs forth
To gild the diamond caves of earth ;
And as it spreads its panoply
Of wreathed vapour o'er the sea,
Serenely the lake-waters stray,
In the white tracery of its ray.

The soul of music and of song
 Came in its flash of life around,
While gentle hearts throbbed loud and long,
 As echo caught the silver sound.
Pleasure on earth, the revel hours
Winged on their course of balm and flowers ;
While through the gardens of that isle,
Its myrtle groves and abbey pile,
Many a braided maiden sped
To track the path that fancy led ;
To look on heaven, and match the skies
With the blue star-blaze of her eyes.

But as they brushed the infant dew
From the sweet shrubs around them growing,
Over the waves, a faint hymn flew
From lips, with song and beauty glowing ;
And as its notes flowed to the ear
In soothing strains of syren bliss,
It seemed, as from the cherub's sphere
A voice had come to gladden this.

SONG.

The moon's on the wave,
And its shade on the hill ;
And the spirits in the glen,
And the fay by the rill,
And the hearts awake,
And the soul is revealing
To the broad skies above,
Its deep springs of feeling.

'Tis the moonlight hour
Over lake and o'er vale,
And I love to list
To the voice on the gale :
'Tis the moonlight hour,
And the hushed earth is sleeping
'Neath the high lamps of heaven,
Their pale vigils keeping.

'Tis the moonlight hour,
On each flow'ret's chalice;
'Tis the moonlight hour,
On the hut and the palace;
Then let us away
From this bleak clime of sorrow,
And, pinioned on hope,
Look out for the morrow.


With a stream from thy fount
In the seas of the air,
Pour over my heart
All that's happy and fair;
For when moonlight's in heaven,
I love to dream o'er,
All the innocent years,
That shall gladden no more.

Oh! this is the hour
For the martyr to die,
Or for hermit to pray
To his God in the sky;
And no holier crown
For a warrior could be,
Than the starred ray that falleth,
Fair moon-beam, from thee!

Since the last day that Innisfail
Saw her expiring altars fade,
Never had evening hung its veil
Over the land with lovelier shade,
Than on *this* night of festal joy,
When laughed the heart, like a playful boy.
The voice of revelry was there,
Floating upon the joyous breeze—
The heat of banquet, and the glare
Of flambeaux, through the bowered trees !
Awhile the poet flung aside
The silk chords of his harp of pride ;
Awhile the warrior cast away
The sabre of the battle day :
And poet, warrior, statesman,—all,
Joyed in the breath of festival !

Oh ! such a scene ! where every minute
Gains new relish from the past,
Such ecstasy and rapture in it,
We weep to know it cannot last !

There is a pleasure in the ray
That hangs round beauty's worshipped way ;
There is a pleasure in the thrill
Of lute-notes, by an echo hill ;



There is a pleasure when we see
The frown of storm come darklingly ;
And thunder in its lurid car
Peals through the mountains from afar ;
Above—beneath—in earth—in sky,—
There is a pleasure for the human eye :
But *they* are transient as the bloom
That waits a victim to the tomb ;
And all the pleasures that *they* lend
Must flourish, fall and have an end ;—
But in the trance of sainted prayer,
The truest, longest bliss is there !

With her long locks of sunny gold,
Adown her budding bosom rolled,
Like a strayed orb from Eden's floor,
Cora roamed o'er that starry shore,
Though many a face of beauty brightning
Shone on that festival,
Yet she, with her dark eyes of lightning,
Was fairest of them all !
Apart—among the pensive few,
Who loved to look on heaven's blue
Reflected deep in each mossy cell,
Where in foam and music the wave kings dwell—

Apart, she sat with O'Connor by,
Who lived in the smile of her swimming eye,
And while masque and dance and song were there,
They drank the balm of the amaranth air,
And turning each to the other's brow,
They seemed to be but for love below !

It was a night of clearest skies,
As hymning her eve psalm to heaven,
That rode aloft, like secret sighs
Of penitence for sins forgiven,
When first O'Connor, with his brow
Of manhood and of manhood's flame,
Stole on religion's dreams, as though
An angel come in mortal frame ;
And ever from that hour, her mind
Has slept on visions undefined,
And *he* has been to her pure heart
Of its best hopes—a very part !

Well might she love ! for he was all
To make love's reign an easy thrall.
His frame was as the plumed form
Of a young eagle, when the storm
Has swept unheeded o'er the wing,
Whose strength was dipped in the morning's spring.

His mien was of that glorious port,
Which never suits a tyrant's court ;
And his intensity of thought
Into his very cheek had wrought
The wondrous fire of a deep soul,
Made to exist on freedom's scroll.
Indignant 'mid the wrong of ages,
 He proudly sorrowed o'er the tale
Of murder, blushing on the pages,
 Which story gives to Innisfail ;
And every pulse, and every vein,
Heaved 'neath its bondage and its chain !
To him, the rebel's voice had been
 A welcome and a holy sound ;
When he could seek the battle's scene,
 And die, with patriot triumph crowned,
With every corpse that stained his blade,
To be an offering to his shade.

O'Connor and his Cora were
Happy and blessed beneath the star
 Of that translucent eve ;
When blithe, as birds that wing away
Their careless flight o'er every spray,
 Nor think on that they leave ;

It seemed, as if their hopes should bloom
Free from the plague-blast of the tomb ;
And that life's hour of woe would pass
Rapid, as forms across a glass.
Oh ! that such hopes as they confessed,
Were doomed never to be blessed ;
And that this night of love and roses,
Should be the last their tale discloses !

Bring flowers for the crowned banquet, bring
Myrtle and all the sweets of spring :
There is joy on the maiden's cheek,
That has the roses' crimson streak ;
And th' island stream, which they sit by,
All starred and clear, looks like a sky.
Sounds in the air !—'tis song, 'tis song !
And rock and dell waft it along ;
And ruby lips seem doubly sweet,
With the soft notes themselves repeat.
That louder note ! The hunter's tongue
With music's trembling spell is hung ;
And looking at his Cora's cheek,
As though *her* blush would even speak
The inspiration, which he sought,
O'Connor paused, and then began
His lay, and as the echoes caught
The vocal strain, 'twas thus it ran :

Ireland.

“ LONG hast thou hung my gentle lyre,
Untouched, unstrung and voiceless all ;
Long has thy song of minstrel fire
Forgot the tones of bower and hall !
Oh ! where, oh ! where has been the wand
That ruled the harp in my weak hand ?
And where the strain I loved to wake
By mountain rock, or mountain lake ?
The morn of life has yet a smile for me,
And poesy many a charm I love full well,
Oh, then in all its numbers floating free,
Let Erin’s youthful minstrel touch the shell ;
While havoc writhing in its desperate pain,
Opes its dark picture to arouse the maddened brain.

“ Child of crime and spectres pale,
Red ambition’s offspring you ;
Nursed by freedom’s dying wail,
When its last sigh upward flew :

O'er the wave that sparkles fair,
Why descend in tempest there?
On our mountain's silvery brow,
Why thy reeking visions show?
Lo! sternly from her toppling throne of crime,
The genius of destruction lifts its form,
And honored with the gathering guilt of time,
She seems the rising ruler of a storm:
Vindictive, dark, and robed with shame,
The meteor demon streaks its path with flame.

“ Low is Ireland's blaze
Of warriors and of warrior kings;
While the “sunburst” of her power,
Soaring on its bannered wings,
Sinks, quivers, and decays,
Like foliage 'neath the winter's shower.
Shrouded and shrined in tombs of blood,
The falchion withers from their grasp;
And hauberk's ring, and morion's clasp,
Are widely scattered o'er the bubbling flood.
Where'er the wildering fancy roams,
The lord of carnage strides the soil,
While rent from temples, altars, homes,
Our chieftains grace the victor's spoil,

Oh! hark, the sound that flies around,
Annihilation tones the note,
And every breath its wild strings wreath
In one full diapason float;
While spectres join a dull and heartless dance,
Beneath the gory flag that twines around each lance.

“ Pavilioned on the ruby sea,
That flowed in kindling foam around,
As if its waters laughed to see
Their azure brow thus fairly crowned,
IRELAND arose—a fairy land—
Like Delphos at the god’s command,
With every isle and every shore
More blessed than earth had seen before.
The matin-star of valor rolled on high
To shed its vesper twinkling o’er her streams,
While every golden orb that walks the sky,
Uprose, in glory, on her childrens’ dreams,
Smiling, like beauteous woman’s early love,
As if its evening hopes no sadder course should prove.

“ ‘ Mid her feast of myrrh and roses,
When every flowret looked a gem,
While her monarch soft reposes
’ Neath his feudal diadem ;

Like the whirlwind rushing through,
Yon lofty orbs of living blue ;
The British vessels swept the wave,
And gave to liberty—a grave !
Down, down—each happier seeming fades away,
And harp and song expire upon the air ;
And only where the night-winds sometimes stray
Across the chords, we know not voice *was* there :
For those harp-strings, which rang through ‘Tara’s
halls,’
Now hang as mute on Tara’s lonely walls.

“ Dash down the frothing bowl,
And raise the glittering spears,
Until the temper of their steel
Is hardened in a sea of tears.
Mark, how the armies roll,
And ride, in death, upon the cannon’s peal !
Temples smoke and altars burn,
With their vengeance to the skies :
The soldier’s whoop, the matron’s cries
Are pouring from their gore-ignited urn ;
And death and valor in the conflict met,
Are bound together in that cursed embrace,
Which foes will give, when peace and hope forget
To hold within the breast their wonted place.

The charger's mane, his floating rein,
Trail madly through the fight ;
And floods of gore—behind, before—
Are boiling to the sight ;
While every scene that breaks upon the view,
Is tinged and colored with the same unholy hue !

“ With sabre blushing for the deed
Its adamant blade hath done ;
With courser foaming from a speed
His gory hoofs hath seldom run ;
Incarnate slaughter issues forth,
And, locust-like, consumes the earth ;
Nor innocence nor love can check
The tossing of the frightful wreck.
A gloomy crew of fateful sisters meet,
Revenge, despair, hypocrisy, and death :
Famine, with eye that trembles in its seat,
And irreligion, with its simoom breath—
All, all in one appalling chorus stand,
And dance their witch-dance o'er Hibernia's blighted
land !

“ Isle of my birth—my hopes—my loves—
Where my young days began to flow—
Land of the mountains, lakes, and groves,
Lit by the Sun's luxuriant glow,

When shall thy mountains see
Those sun-beams set upon the free?
Ah! when the white surge of the wave
Afford a tomb to the craven slave?
When freedom's all-redeming falchion leaves
The scabbard to assert a nation's laws,
May thralldom bind the dastard hand that grieves,
To drown in blood the despot's tottering cause;
And may the simoom taint *his* fairest morn,
Who thinks of aught but vengeance, chains, and mortal
scorn!

"Ireland has had her host
Of great and valiant ones;
Whose creed was "RIGHT"—whose motto "HOPE
AND FAME,"
To leave their free-born sons.
Nurtured for war and flame,
A galaxy of valor lit her coast,
When More, O'Neil, and Emmett gave
A burst of glory to the gloom,
That mantled round the sable doom,
Which sat upon the brave.
Souls of the mighty, where is now the spark
Which warmed within your veins that Titan fire,
When your roused feelings, 'mid the lengthened dark
Of ages, blazed in one ascent of ire?

Oh ! where the glow that touched the brow,

* * * *
 * * * *
 * * * *

Oh ! that its wakened spirit yet would throw
 Annihilation round the empire of our foe ! !”

Heard you that sound ? what charmed choir
 Has strung the chords of mortal lyre ?
 The fairy spirits of the lake,
 In their enchanted halls awake,
 Have surely given to the veiled sky,
 Their own seraphic melody ;
 For never earthly voice could own
 Sounds, languishing as that song's tone.
 —"Tis Cora ! She, whose rapturing voice,
 Bid every heart and ear rejoice,
 While warbling sweetly all along,
 She murmurs every thought to song.

SONG.

“ In the harems of cinnamon climes,
 'Neath the garlands that circled the brows
 Of the beauteous maids, who, in heavenlier times,
 Were wooed by the warmth of the seraphim's vows :
 In the land of the Sun—at the streams of his light,
 There is not, there is not a virgin as true,

As the daughters of Erin, alluring and bright,
With their soft eyes, all love and intelligence too.

“ Sweet, sweet Innisfallen, oh ! thou art the isle,
Where the lover may live through a world of bliss,
And while hovering here on the wings of a smile,
He may deem that in Eden there’s nothing like this ;
And fairest indeed are Hibernia’s daughters,
When girdling the crest of some green-covered
mountains,
Or when bending them over the musical waters,
That sparkle around from their cool summer fountain !”

She ceased ; and as her chiming tongue
Thrill’d its adieu to parting song,
The ravished listener calmly hung
Upon the notes that died along ;
As though the music he had heard,
Was flowing downward from the skies,
Wafted hither by some plumed bird
Of Mahmoud’s fabled Paradise !
What is yon blaze, which rushes up
From the stone chambers of the lake,
As frothy foam upon the cup,
The lip is panting to partake ?

In close and quick succession now
The *fire-works* issue from below,
And opening o'er the wond'rous air,
Leave their translucent trackway there.
O'Connor saw the crackling ball
Burst from O'Don'ghue's prison-wall,
And as it glimmered on the cloud,
Excite the marvel of the crowd ;
Glowing a moment through the shade,
It shot to light, and then decayed !

“ And so,” he said, “ is human thought—

“ That gos'mer offspring of the brain—

“ A radiant shell-work, only wrought

“ To glitter and to fade again !

“ My Cora say, and is it thus

“ That life and youth will be for us?—

“ The sun-gilt foam upon the stream,—

“ The idle fancies of a dream ?

“ Will these entrancing moments live

“ Unto a long enduring age ;—

“ Or will they only be, to give

“ A glimpse on this sad pilgrimage,—

“ A glimpse of joys unfelt, which wait

“ The canonized at Heaven's gate ?

“ I know not ! but there is a thrill

“ Of fear for ever at my heart ;

“ And when I least would think of ill,
“ It seems to whisper we — must part !
“ The soldier’s plume is on my brow,
“ — Start not, my love, for there is yet,
“ And aye will be, a hope for woe,
“ Until Heaven’s folds and earth’s are met :
“ My boat rocks by the castle wall,—
“ My sword gleams in my father’s hall,
“ And the eagle plumage from my helm,
“ Waves, as a banner, o’er the realm ;
“ Till every swarming rock and cave,
“ Shall give to tyranny — a grave!
“ I go, I go ——”

“ Oh! speak not thus,”

The trembling maid would say, “ for sure,
“ The dreariest spot may have for us
“ A something soothing to allure :
“ For you are all on earth to me,
“ And am *I* not the same to thee?
“ Our father’s creed —— each other’s soul,
“ To lean upon in tempest time—
“ Then let the threatening billows roll,
“ And bear us on to any clime!
“ But do not, do not ——”

Ceased the maid

The tremulous council love essayed ;

And fear's out-breaking eloquence hung
Half spoken on her sorrowing tongue ;
For day-light from its sparey bed,
Over the grey horizon fled.
The morn is breaking o'er the cloud,
And the red lake is in a shroud,
Of richest, sunniest gold ;
While Innisfallen's wearied crowd
Watch Heaven's gates unfold
Its portals to the risen God,
New bursting from his high abode.
The boats are booming towards their home,
And the long oars are in the foam.
The hectic flush of weariness
Warms on the cheek of loveliness,
While the blue ripples wildly break
The pearly waters of the lake.
Hushed is the sound of lyre and lute,
And lips that glowed and tongues that burned,
In lonely dreaminess are mute,
As if their charm to Heaven returned,
Had sought, where music's children dwell,
In flowers and song for ever,
For the birth-place of their lost spell,
By Eden's crystal river !

Far from the island Cora glides
In the swift bark her parent guides,
And as it swims along, the spray
Curls round the keel in fretful play.
O'Conner looked from the leafed beach,
O'er that unbounded lake's extent,
Until, where'er the eye could reach,
Her pinnacle with the clouds was blent.

THE ABBEY.

THE mountain side, the summer bower,
The morning time, the twilight hour,
Have many a gift, and many a charm,
For those whose hearts are young and warm,
Health in the dew that bathes the earth;
In every season, hope and mirth;
Careering on the gale of pleasures,
Or mingling with the careless many,
Life gives to all its golden treasures,
But to the poet more than any!
We may not look upon the seas,
Dancing beneath the southern breeze,
That wantons o'er their feathery bed,
Like perfume from a musk-wind shed:
We may not see the cloudless sky
Laughing above, all brilliantly,

And not feel the stirred bosom full
Of all that's glad and beautiful.
Look on the broad blue sky—the sun
Shining on his emblazoned throne :—
Look on the earth—gemmed o'er with all
To make this life a carnival :—
What are the emotions they impart
Unto the free and young of heart?
But for the wretched, where shall *they*
Find aught that tells them to be gay?

For such, the dropping cloud—the gloom
That hovers round the noxious tomb—
The taper's blaze—the midnight prayer—
The charnel's damp and clammy air;
Are meeter far than morning's rays,
Ordained for life's more lucid days.
When hope flits withering round the heart,
As loathing from its shrine to part;
When the gay promise of the world
From boyhood's wondering gaze is hurled;
Oh! it is sweet to bid farewell
To all we knew and loved full well,—
Oh! it is sweet to rend away,
The links that bind us to the clay;
And hating earth to seek in heaven
The latest chance of being forgiven?

Ah! IRRELAGH, thou sacred thing,
The after-wreck of other days,
How oft, in fancy's wandering,
Thou art the ruin where she strays!
Proud pile, beam of that pristine lore,
Which hallowed our own island shore,
There, in your loneliness you stand,
The master ruin of our land!
A disembodied form of art,
Thou lingerest round the pensive heart,
With that unchanging hue of grief,
Emblemed by thy own ivy leaf!

Silent and lonely though thou be,
Yet thou art dear and blessed to me;
While fleeing from a world I hate,
To *thee* I'd cling, nor curse the fate,
Which gave me in thy voiceless rest
A balm for my distracted breast.
There 'mid thy cemetries and graves,
One spot is all the poet craves:
That let him have—*there* let him lie!
A gushing tear from beauty's eye,
A word of sorrow at his name,
Is all his dying voice would claim.

For oh ! this world—its hopes—its fears—
Its gifts—its charms—its smiles—its tears,
Are all the same unblessed for one,
Who'd wish his name were aye unknown !

With thy fresh ivy-mantle cast
Around, as though it were the chain,
To link the pride of ages past
To those dim years, that still remain ;
Thy hoary ruins seem to weep
Over the dead's eternal sleep,
And listening to the gale that sighs
Through each mouldering corridor,
The moan of spectres seems to rise
Upon its dull and ominous roar.
Meet dome of meditation, here
Might pilgrim tell his evening prayer,
Nor ever think the world abroad
Would envy him his lonely sod.

Yes ! Irrelagh, thou art indeed,
A place where broken hearts might bleed !
Yes ! here amid the grass that waves
Above the rank and steaming graves,
The child of woe might find a spot,
To gasp, to die, and be—forgot !

Ah! there are thoughts, whose pangs unfold
A void of grief, e'en to the gay ;
When the soul's hopes are with the cold
And putrid tenant of the clay ;—
When all we loved on earth, are gone,
And left us in our woes alone !
And such they were this even hour
Within that abbey's ivied gloom,
Where hearts are watered in the shower,
Affliction pours upon the tomb —
Where the lamp's faint and lurid blaze
That shines above th' infected bed,
Encurtains with its spectre rays
The joyless chambers of the dead !

Far from the chapel window gleaming,
Through its old work of Gothic gloom,
A glimmer of dark lamps is streaming,
Like death-lights from the charnel room.
Is it a ghost of olden time,
Repentant for some secret crime ?
Or have the demons of the church
Assembled for some mystic rite ?
And do they with their hell-dipped torch
Illume the sepulchres, to-night ?
Oh, no ! oh, no ! It is the woe
Of human heart that swelleth now !

Mutely and stilly there,
See that maiden bent in prayer !
Her glossy ringlets flowing round
Trail upon the moistened ground,
And unsubdued devotion lies
Enshrined in her upturned eyes.
Meekly upon yon grave she kneels
 Beneath the shadow of the yew,
And every pulse she heaves, reveals
 A current that is known to few.
Within that cloister's awful ground,
The mourner's form is rarely found,
For few, the sepulchres which grace
The sacred seeming of this place.
Howe'er beneath that clustering yew
 One simple grave is lying,
Wet with the freshness of the dew,
Those shadowing branches bring from heaven,
 When the night-gale is sighing
Over the flight of sun-eyed even :
And there—a mockery of grief,
 That lorn and anguished virgin kneels,
In agony, that scorns relief
 From those who feel not as she feels.
Holy and earnest was each throb,
 That rose unto the Creator's throne :

Not hers, that wild convulsive sob,
Which seems to rend the very zone
Of a young heart, yet did she pray
With all the warmth a mortal may.
The ghastly vapours of a lamp,
Burning more bluely from the damp,
Wove a deceiving shadow over
The frame, its light serves to discover.
The face is turned —'tis Cora! —she,
The lady of our minstrelsy;
And as she dashed the tear away,
Which mingled with the fresh red clay,
She startled, trembled, blushed, and sighed—
O'Connor's chief stood by her side!

“ Is this the spot for our last meeting?”

The chief O'Connor said;

“ Is this the spot for farewell greeting,

“ My own beloved maid?

“ And is it here that we must speak

“ Our last and sad farewell,

“ With the swollen eye and the grief-wan cheek,

“ By the owlet's dismal cell?”

A sickening paleness came

Upon her lip of flame,

As the saddening Cora said,
“ A parent’s brow in the dust is laid,
“ And a parent lies with the joyless dead !
“ ’Twas on that night of festal glory
“ When Innisfallen’s shores were blessed
“ With more of gems, than ever story
“ Hath given to an Eastern feast,
“ When we had left its banquet dome,
“ To rest us in our halls of home,
“ A cold and fevered feeling came
“ Upon my aged father’s frame.
“ His strength was withered, and he told
“ Us, how his days were run,—
“ And ere its course that sun had rolled
“ His course of life was done !
“ His was to me a pleasant face,
“ The guardian of my childhood’s hour,—
“ The relic of our martyr’d race,
“ To represent our by-gone power !
“ He died ; but ere his final breath
“ Had won for him his sainted wreath.
“ He called me near, and said :—‘ I go,
“ ‘ Cora, my child, but you remain,
“ ‘ To struggle through such blights of woe,
“ ‘ As yet may kill, or scorch thy brain.’
“ What could, what did he mean ?”

“ In sooth,

“ ’Twere hard to tell, and yet ’twas said,

“ In that prophetic hour, when Truth

“ Oft breaks around the dying bed.

“ Yet, Cora, I am come to say,

“ My country summons me away !”

“ Oh ! God, oh ! God !” the maiden said,

“ Are all my joys for ever fled ?

“ And is it thus that I must be

“ Torn off from all—from love—from thee ?”

“ The battle steel is from its sheath ;

“ Above is hung the victor’s wreath :

“ God and my country speed the blow,

“ That shivers on our tyrant foe !

“ Yes ! ’tis the voice of Erin calls

“ Me from my father’s halls ;

“ And would my Cora bid me stay,

“ When Erin beckons me away ?

“ The shepherd on the mountain rock,

“ Shall hurry from his ravening flock :

“ The briered pathways of the steep,

“ Into exulting life shall leap ;

“ And the indignant trump’s alarm,

“ The serried line and glancing arm

“ Shall tell our conquerors, what a grave
“ The tyrant's sceptred pomp shall have !
“ Yet it is sad to leave thee, love,
“ And in this hour, oh ! God, I prove
“ More of affection's severed pain,
“ Than e'er has tortured this seared brain.”

“ And wilt thou in my anguish leave me
“ To sigh my plainings to the air ?
“ Will heaven and earth at once bereave me,
“ Of all that made life feeling dear ?
“ But go ! I dare not, would not be
“ To burden any thought of thine,
“ But oft my prayer shall rise for thee,
“ When prostrate at Jehovah's shrine !
“ And if the hymn of penitence
“ Ascends in incense to the spheres,
“ My hymn shall win Omnipotence
“ To shield thee 'mid the shock of spears.
“ Yes ! go, and when the day-dawn shines
“ Upon Ierne's captive shrines,
“ May HE—the God of battles—dress
“ Thy limbs in triumph's mightiness !”

Flashed forth, like angels, when they wave
Their wings of perfume o'er the air,

That eye of beauty, on the brave
Young heart, that throbbed in misery there ;
When woman speaks the warrior's word
And bids us to the thickening fight,
A greener laurel wreathes the sword,
That glistens with avenging might :
And coward is the soul, indeed—
Apostate to its manhood's creed—
That at such bidding, would not spring,
To glory on the cannon's wing!

Sad, by that ruin of old time,
In melancholy solitude,
A ruin in her virgin prime,
Poor Cora 'mid the cloisters stood.
And while *they* seemed like spirits taken
Away, from this cold, cheerless world,
E'er their fair life had lived to waken
Upon the vista, age uncurled ;
Long years of recollection came,
In that one hour of mental sadness,
As memory gave its torch of flame
To win their souls from love and gladness.
It was the last, the saddest smart
Of hope, departing from the heart.

In the too-conscious loneliness
Of youthful mourning's first distress,
They knelt them, with the skies above
To smile upon their vows of love—
And bending o'er the sod, where slept
The chief o'er whom their heart-founts wept;
They swore, by the blue arch of day,
That spans the God-head's high pathway—
They swore, by mother earth, and all
The red leaves that in autumn fall—
That while life bloomed, they never, never,
From loves voluptuous bonds would sever:
And float life's bark to any shore,

 Its course was aye the same for *them*,
While their tried vessel proudly bore
 Affection o'er the foamy stream!
To the true vow their blush'd lips spoke,
 The charnel echoes answered round,
As though the dead from sleep had broke
 In marvel at th' unwonted sound.

But hark! a hollow murmur stealing
From the grave-stones, where they are kneeling,
As though it mocked each fervid word,
Through the long pillared aisle is heard.
They listened to the voice—that voice
 Which smote upon their bridal bliss,

As if to chill the soulless joys,

That grace such bridal scenes as this.

It mocked what they had sworn for ever,

And mocking echoed — “ Never ! never ! ”

And a dread laugh of hellish glee

Followed that note of mockery.

They listened to that laugh, and then

Poor Cora sank upon the earth,

Fearing lest she should hear again

Those dreadful tones of scornful mirth !

THE BATTLE.

BANNER and helmet, through the haze
Of battle, crowding on the plain !
Falchion and corselet in the blaze
Of day, they ne'er shall see again !
The glancing brow, the lightning eye,
That looks in fierceness on the sky :
The soul to dare, the hand to do
All that is done 'neath Heaven's blue :—
The war horse, with his dancing mane,
Flinging to air the tightened rein—
And the foam champing of the bit,
As slavery were caged in it—
Oh ! such a scene ! as seldom sun
From its light throne hath dawned upon !
Oh ! 'twas a scene that warrior's eye
Might proudly look upon and die ;—
Die in the rapture of the hour,
That shone upon such spears of power !

The thunder sleeps upon the hill—
And yet its brooding storms are still ;
But e'er the morning gild the skies,
Myriads in their new strength shall rise ;
And the black squadrons of the north,
From their rock-dwellings issue forth,
While the quick sheen, at intervals,
Of camp-lights on the mountain falls.
The Wexford hills are dark with spears,
Gleaming for their red work of blood ;
While Erin's chivalry appears,
Mailed in freedom's hardihood !

To-morrow ! what an oracle
Of doubt to hearts that do not sleep,
Watching the silent sentinel
His lonely night rounds keep.
To-morrow ! how many crests shall lie
In death's first clasp of nothingness ;
Having above them the broad sky
To canopy their wretchedness ?—
How many a mother's eye will shed
Its first tear for the patriot dead ?

Oh ! 'tis a stirring time !—the night
That waits such morning's fearful breaking,

When the rough soldier dreams of fight
And conquest to attend his waking :
While tempered lance is near him laid
To grasp, on starting from his bed,—
Lives there on earth the craven heart,
That would not love a soldier's part ?
Lives there on earth the dastard hand,
That would not strike for such a land ?
Oh ! if there be, may the Dead Sea blight—
Wither his fruit of green delight ;
In thralldom and in bondage nursed,
Of thralldom's bantlings be the worst,
And every draught that life bestows,
Be drugged by freedom's blasted foes !

It is a blessed and brilliant thing,
Like the famed Maccabees of eld,
To bare the sabre glittering
For the loved creed our fathers held :
And I would sooner have the doom
Such bleeding victims hold,
Than lie within the loftiest tomb
Of sculpture and of gold !

'Tis morn ! the ranks are forming fast,
To the strong trumpets on the blast ;

And every rock and every cave
Is bristling with the glorious brave.
The fiery daggers of the host,
O'er the green plumes are hourly tossed ;
And battle's terrible array
Spreads into splendor with the day.
High souls are throbbing 'neath the mail,
That lightly sits upon the breast—
Souls, that ere evening greets the vale,
Shall hover to their Heaven-ward rest.
Bright blades are thirsting for the gore,
That Albion's slaves shall richly pour :
And th' iron frames that ne'er till now,
Had felt the burnished armour's weight,
Thrill for the charge, when Erin's foe
Shall be among the desolate ;
While the scared vultures round them flying,
Shall gorge upon the dead and dying !

Marked you yon flame that sheets the air ?
It is the death-fire's opening glare !
Hark to the rushing from afar !—
It is the roaring of the war !
God ! what a shout !—Hibernia's youth
On to the cannon's sulphur mouth !—

On to the ranks of England's might,
Flashing their falchions for the fight !
Down from the mountains, like a crash
Of whirlwinds, on the thick host dash ;
And haughty crest, and fair array,
Shall die the death ere set of day !
Oh ! what a scene ! The shrinking Sun
Blushes to see the deeds they've done,
And never since the world was flung
From chaos the clear orbs among ;
Oh ! never hath such struggle been
On Enniscorthy's hills of green !

Deep in the strongest lines that waver.
O'Conner saw his victims fall,
And never truly did a braver
Dash down the tyrant's horrid thrall.
His blade was tempered in the flood
Of Britain's well-atoning blood ;
And the fired eye of carnage laughed
To see the gore his " good sword " quaffed.
Death in his arm,—his flushed brow glances
That death, where'er his arm is not ;
While England's line of lifted lances
Their gleam of terror have forgot.

Around the snorting war-steed dashing,
Starts at the ray his crest is flashing :—
And the thinned legions of the foe
Bear witness to each ruthless blow.
But hark ! what sound is on his path,
In more of sorrow than of wrath ?
And the low note falls on his ear,
As if 'twere *Keening* o'er the bier,
Where some enthusiast soldier slept
In glory, honored, though unwept.

BANSHEE'S KEEN.

Red flows the tide
Of battle away,
Quench'd is the pride
Of our helm'd array,
And mourning—the language that victory claims !
Gone is the power
Of the valiant in fight,
And past is the hour
Of that masterly might,
Which sparkled and burned with liberty's flames !

Why weepeth the eye
With the torrent of woe ?

Why heaveth the sigh
 From the fair breast below?—
 O'Connor, the boast of our children, is slain!
 Then on to the breach,
 That his arms have made,
 Ere the sad tidings teach
 How his life is decayed—
 How O'Connor, our chief and our hero, is slain!

It ceased; but battle-field were ill
 The place for warrior to be still;
 And while dread deeds are to be wrought.
 He may not dwell in calmer thought!
 Up to the ranks! His daring foot
 Is on the threshold of their tent;
 And murderous is the flamed salute,
 From every grape-shot-volley sent.
 Up to the ranks! The Britons' yield,
 His war-cry speaks the tale;
 But lo! *his* blood is on the field,
 His cheek is deadly pale.
 He waves the banners to the air—
 His willing gore is bubbling there—
 And 'mid-the shrieks and groans that rise,
 He reels, he staggers, shouts, and——dies!

* * * *
 * * * *

That frowning pile! In days gone by,
It was to me a place of joy;
Where fitful fancy loved to roam,
Claiming acquaintance with the tomb
For e'en the graves of that lone land
Gave beings to my phantom band.
And that wan virgin, who is she,
That lingers there—thus silently!

Sadly she saunters through the aisle,
Where the gilt coffins are,
And on her cheek is the vacant smile
Of the maniac's wildered glare.
Blanched with the north wind's freezing gale,
Her beauteous brow is dim and pale,
And madness sways her withered brain
With its intensity of pain.
There, in that place of skulls, she gazes
Upon the moon beam's sullen light,
Turning away, when morning blazes
Over the wilderness of night;
And every thought or word she breathes
Is of her bridal's blighted wreathes.
Sometimes she hovers near the yew,
That heard her marriage vows,
Sipping the liquid of the dew,
From its pestilential boughs;

And sometimes stands beside the spray,
Wishing to take her flight away.
Cora! poor, suffering thing, indeed thou art
The frightful wreck of a too ardent heart.
Ah! often 'tis a curse to be endowed
With one superior to the thoughtless crowd:
To feed upon the tortures of wrung feeling,
When man will only laugh at its revealing;—
And, gifted with a spirit too refined,
To be the ruin of a 'passioned mind!

* * * *

Most sullenly the waters swept
Along, as if their billows wept
O'er some unhappy child of grief,
Who sought in them her chilled relief.
The sea-mew rudely shrieked; the blast
Sang hoarsely as it hurried past:
And the long track upon the waters
Seemed as if they had closed above
One of the fairest, erring daughters
Of disappointed love.
At moonlight hour, the boatman dare
Not launch upon the waters there;
Nor would the peasant ever take
His evening way by that still lake.

And Cora?—She is gone ! Her race
Have perished from creation's face,
The mouldering tombstone of the dead
Has ceased to tell where she was laid ;
And, save the poet's gentle lay,
Her name and loves had passed away !

END OF THE LEGEND OF THE LAKES.

THE GERALDINE.

I have been
Reared amongst fearless men ; and midst the rocks
And the wild hills, whereon my fathers fought
And won their battles. There are glorious tales
Told of their deeds, and I have learned them all.

Mrs. HEMANS.

Quando sincero
Nasce in un core
Ne ottien l'impero,
Mai più non muore
Quel primo affetto,
Che si provo.

METASTASIO.

"The Geraldine" is founded on the fact contained in the following paragraph: the latter part of the tale, however, is the creature of romance.

"The complaints of the Butlers' induced Henry to call the deputy to London, and to confine him to the Tower. At his departure the reins of government dropped into the hands of his son, the lord Thomas, a young man in his twenty-first year, generous, violent, and brave. His credulity was deceived by a false report that his father had been beheaded: and his resentment urged him to the fatal resolution of bidding defiance to his sovereign. At the head of one hundred and forty followers he presented himself before the council: resigned the sword of state, the emblem of his authority; and, in a loud tone, declared war against Henry VIII. King of England. Cramer, Archbishop of Armagh, catching him by the hand, most earnestly besought him not to plunge himself and his family into irremediable ruin: but the voice of the prelate was *drowned in the strains of an Irish minstrel, who, in his native tongue, called on the hero to revenge the blood of his father*: and the precipitate youth, unfurling the standard of rebellion, commenced his career with laying waste the rich district of Fingal. A gleam of success cast a temporary lustre on his arms; and his revenge was gratified with the punishment of the supposed accuser of his father, Allen, Archbishop of Dublin, who was surprised and put to death by the Geraldines."—LINGARD'S *Hist. Eng.* Vol. vi. pp. 418, 19. 3rd. Edition.

THE GERALDINE.

CURSED is the land, where revolution plumes
Its locust wings upon an empire's tombs ;
Where the loved bonds that bind the parent's heart,
Upon the shrine of war are torn apart ;
While the rent bosom vainly wastes a sigh
O'er the blood pageant, as it flashes by.
Ruin, and crimson havoc, and dismay,
Stride o'er the earth in murderous array :
Altars and temples blaze with other flames
Than the frankincense which the God-head claims ;
And reeking, like a tempest, to the skies,
Love—virtue—beauty crown the sacrifice.
Cursed is the land ! whereon th' avenging form
Of war has been in all its strength of storm ;
Where red rebellion's legions have unfurled
Their fiery standard to the weeping world.

And cursed the land ! whose children's glories are
Like the wild brightness of the meteor star,
That sparkles o'er a path of sheen and light,
But, fading, leaves us to a gloomier night !

Cradled in riot, and matured in crime,
Like the blind deist of an Indian clime ;
Yet green amid thy ruins, like a thing
Of orient leaf, where all is withering—
IRELAND ! thy children's woes—thy children's name—
Have been allied to vengeance and to shame ;
And till the tide of song round thee had rolled,
Thy sons were crownless, and their deeds untold.
Genius of Erin ! bid thy harpers raise
Their voice of music unto other days ;
And from the gulf of ages slumbering by,
Pour on the world their tales of chivalry.
For while the song of older times flows on
Through fiction's land of summer and of sun,
Thy masters, as they hear the tale, may weep
O'er the long trance of Erin's dreamless sleep !

In its far-shadowings of departing light,
Blushed the receding sun,—azure, and bright,
And fair, o'er Ossory's lordly towers, that cast
A bleak defiance to the lowering blast.

Frowning above the river's rapid spray,
Regardless all of ruin or decay,
In one last gleam of transient glory there,
Sheening from his pavilion of the air,
A mantle of rich hues the sky-god flung
To robe that castle, as from earth he sprung!
Banner and pennon floated free and high,
Beneath the honors of the starry sky,
Ere, like a spangled harem curtain, yet
Upon the ebon globe its splendors set.
Glassy and smooth, the waters of the moat
Round the embosomed ramparts idly float,
As tranquilly the golden colors meet
Upon the fortress walls and parapet.
Little we deem, while soft and tremulous,
The breath of eve is wafting sweets to us,
How many a bosom seeks—and seeks in vain,—
Balm in the gale for the heart's racking pain.
How little, while we watch the soothing fall
Of twilight o'er that castle's glancing wall,
And see the gray proud summit of each tower
Clothed with the softness of the evening hour;
How little think we, what repose or grief
May flutter round Geraldine's youthful chief:
For nought's so holy to a soul of sorrow,
As the bright skies, that speak a glorious morrow!

Evening! thou art indeed a cherished time,
Hovering in any land or any clime.
Thine are the kindled feelings that will suit
The lover's castanet, or warbling lute;
While hymning to his own adored maid,
Like fairy founts by wakening zephyrs played
His rapturing voice breaks mellowly along,
In all the harmony of hope and song.
Thine is the time when penitence may find
A moment's balsam for the tortured mind:
And thine the time, when turning all from hence
We best may bend us to Omnipotence.
Tracking upon the clouds its rosy way,
As though 'twere heralding the moonlight's ray,
Eve glitters over hill and lake and stream,
Encurtaining the earth with tenderest beam,
Dropping from air in one phosphoric river,
As if 'twould linger in our world for ever!
Oft have I stood, at eve, upon the hill,
When earth, and air, and sea, and lake were still;—
When diamond-bright, the paths of heaven unrolled
To dazzled eyes their purple and their gold:
Oft have I stood, my own young heart the all,
To hold communion with; while the dull pall
Of long forgetfulness hung o'er the mind,
That sickened at the scenes it left behind.

Visions of poesy and boyhood's love,
 Would people, with their phantoms, every grove.—
 Friends, that I cherished in my early day,—
Friends, who have lived to scorn and to betray—
 A brother's heart on which I leaned—to find
 It, *it*, of all the world the *most* unkind :
 To know the bosom that I thought my own,
 Of dark, unhop'd designs, the darker throne;—
Then, would these woes of life a moment cease,
 And leave my soul to musing and to peace.
 I've ever found the world, a world of tears,
 Hopes, sorrows, joys, expectancies, and fears.
 Save in the terrors of the tempest's breath,
 When gasping nature seems convulsed with death;
 Save in the placid aspect of the eve,
 When summer suns their farewell gladness leave,
 I've never loved the world ; and even then,
 I've wept o'er all the miseries of men !
 Yet, Evening, thou art lovely to the soul,
 When spreads thy mantling pinions o'er the pole.

Say, in yon princely dome, whose wild flag waves
 Above the cradle land of Erin's slaves,
 Who is the chief, that sways the lance and spear,
 The first to glisten in the fight's career ?

Calmly it slumbers in the evening's breath,
Like the last seeming of a good man's death:
And sure to gaze upon its silent wall,
It is a place where gorgeous festival
Would scarcely deign to hold its revel seat.
Sombre and ivied, it were fit retreat
For some ambitious chief—the outlaw lord,
To guide the thirsting bandit's goodly sword.
Theme of my song! illustrious Geraldine,—
Son of a valiant and a regal line—
These lofty walls and frowning towers are thine!

Never did nobler youth brace on the shield,
Or bravely bear him in the tented field:
Never did firmer arm or stouter heart,
Gird on the sword or wing the feathery dart.
Might on his brow and prowess in his mien,
He seemed the wreck of ages, that have been:—
Too greatly bold for this degenerate time,
He was the after-ray of centuries more sublime!
When armed at his gathering vassals' head,
Their road to vengeance and to battle led,
There was that lurking sternness in his eye,
Which could not smile on slavery and die;
There was that eagle lightning round his casque,—
The sunlight, where such spirits love to bask—

Which whispered, nothing but the whelming gloom
Of thraldom could o'ershade *his* raven plume.
And oh ! when on his fierce and champing steed,
He told his warriors *how* their fathers bled,
There was that reckless thunder in his tone,
Which roused to battle and to fame alone.

Nor these the only flowers, whose leaves entwine
To wreath the brow of youthful Geraldine :
For in the banquet hall or lady's bower,
He loved to flourish in the fragrant shower
Of melting glances, like a spring tide flower,
That sweetest buds in April's dewy hour.
Oh ! he was brave and fair and gently bland,
As ever trod Ierne's blighted land ;
And in his smile there was that manly grace,
Which ladies love so well in any face,
Humbly, he worshipped at his father's shrine,—
Proudly, he held the doctrines of his line ;
That faith—when every other joy was riven—
The one redeeming pledge to Erin given ;
And *how* she kept this dearest gift of heaven
The records of her thousand martyrs know—
The blushing statutes of her masters show !
His race had bent beneath the iron rod,
That deemed it perfected the work of God,

When widely roaming through the smouldering soil,
It left it ——— desolation's smoking spoil.
Alas! poor Ireland, how has man profaned
The land, for comfort and for wealth ordained!
How have the sands upon thine emerald shore,
Been drunk and watered with thy people's gore!
Fair in thy nakedness, thou art a thing
To be the scorn of bigot and of —— king;—
A bye-word to the nations, and a name
To speak to men the depth of England's shame!
The pampered priesthood of an unfix'd creed,
Wandering as clouds, and propless as the reed,
Gloat on their victims, and, in *kindness*, bear
Away, the all that lightens in despair.
In meek Religion's name, they snatch from them
The boon, they prize more than earth's diadem;
And while they preach the scripture to the world,
On their flame banners discord is unfurled.
Through Innisfail they raise the vague debate,
To tear from Ireland all that makes her great.
Yes! they would wrench the last hope she retains,
And they "would bind her ancient faith in chains;"
And while religion gloss the tongue, the smile
Of bigotry would taint the heart, the while.
Away! away! the fiend shall never reign
In mock reform upon Ierne's plain.

Sooner, the brand of war shall blaze abroad
And all array to battle for their God ;
Sooner, around our altars will we bleed
Than yield the blessings of Jehovah's creed !
Oh ! I would sooner be the captive brave,
That rots within a dungeon's living grave,
And have my father's creed, than wear the wreath
Of power's environment, without that faith ;
And I would sooner die in grief and care,
Than wear the gilded peace our tyrants wear !

Geraldine's sire the foeman's steel hath seen,
And in his blood their ruthless swords have been.
Kindling with vengeance and inflamed with ire
He lit his torch brand at that father's pyre ;
And flinging down the baton of his power,
He swore that England's pride should weep the hour,
When she had forced a Geraldine to call
His many vassals from the peaceful hall.
'Twas on this eve, within his castle gate,
There sat a numerous council of the great.
Before the magnates of the crown he stood,
Foaming with hate and ravening for blood,
Where, while he said that war again should sing
Through that fair isle its deadly murmuring,
An aged priest arose, and checked the arm,
That beckoned onward the consuming storm.

Quick was his eye, though quenched the speaking glow,
That once illumined his prophetic brow ;
And silvery time its snowy curls had shed
Around the withering garlands on his head.
Meek as religion in her garb of truth,
His voice was faltering as he spoke the youth ;
And moderation o'er his features strayed,
As venerable Cramer spoke and said :—

“ Forbear, forbear, rash boy, and sheath the sword,
“ That greets the grasp of its delirious lord ;
“ Think, ere you ope your pennons to the breeze,
“ What scenes of guilt—what tears—what miseries
“ Your rash and most unsanctioned deed will bring
“ To harrow each and every living thing.
“ True has your father bled ! but even so,
“ Must you, in turn, command *our* blood to flow ?
“ On to the battle—through the serried square,
“ When the loud war-whoop rends the answering air :
“ Dash with your charger where the fight may lead,
“ When king or conscience bid you arm and bleed ;
“ But, at the call of vengeance, never—never,
“ From peace and rest thy mangled country sever !”

As dropped around each pregnant syllable,
The kindled light of his wild glances fell,
As it were swayed by some resistless spell.

That air of mad and fierce revenge forsook
His brow. Tranquil he stood, as if that look—
Beaming seraphic mildness on the heart,
Such as a heaven-sent angel would impart—
Had frozen all the fountains of his brain,
And smiled his passions into rest again.
Palsied his hand, his glittering sabre left
His clenched grasp, as though he were bereft
Of will and power, to sheath that shining blade,
Which rattled on the ground, as 'twere afraid.
The council marked the changing lip and eye,
They marked his flushed cheeks hectic fade and die,
And as they marked that struggle on his brow,
They deemed that reason was triumphant now!

But 'mid the chambers of that sage divan,
Which England ruled with sovereign talisman,
Was one, who marked that awful change of feeling,
With wounded heart that little brooked concealing.
He saw the fading eye—the hanging head,
And wished the recreant patriot with the dead.
High, 'mid that noble crowd of wise and good,
An aged harper with his harp strings stood,—
Like the last spirit of a perished race,
That loves to hover round its native place—
And anxiously he watched the varying change
Upon Geraldine's features,—wild and strange,—

He saw him—last of his deserted line,
Crouching and truckling to the tyrant's shrine.—
'Twas more than he could brook—and breathing free
The pregnant language of his psaltery,
Deep was his music and severe his words,
As hurridly he swept the golden chords.

“ Apostate bantling of a princely stock,
“ Intruder on this castellated rock,
“ Soon may the demons of the tempest lay
“ It and thyself—one unremembered heap of clay!
“ Degenerate offspring of a thrallless line,
“ Art *thou* the first those glories to resign?
“ No! let the spirit of your fathers feed
“ That hatred which shall teach you how to bleed.
“ Give the cold terrors of yon abject thing
“ To every wind of heaven, and let them wing
“ Their course away, nor dare profane the dome,
“ That song and freedom make their sacred home.
“ Awake! awake! and with the clarion's sound
“ Summon thy vassals, 'till the bristling ground
“ Tells that thy virtues have not ceased to reign—
“ That thou art Geraldine himself again.”

Long was the echo of the minstrel's tongue,
As his exulting numbers wildly flung

Their inspiration o'er the crowd, like balm
Scattering it odours through the isles of palm.
His song-lit eye, in one vast frenzy rolled,
'Twas now all brilliance and again was cold.
His fingers, glowing as they touch the lyre,
Seemed as if dipped within the caves of fire;
And every passion, mingling in the spell,
Worked with a power unmatched—unspeakable.

Transcendant attribute that Heaven showers down
On those it destines for the poet's crown,—
To frame a silken web of thought and sound,
And in its goss'mer bind the hearts around—
To rouse each lofty feeling of the mind,
And send it trembling on the wings of wind;
But ne'er till now did music so disclose,
The boundless power the "soul of song" bestows.

"No more!" the maddened warrior said, "no more!"
"The land shall drink my own or sovereign's gore!"

A hundred gleaming falchions flashed on high;
A hundred vassal voices swelled the cry;
And spurning every effort Cramer made,
Downward he looked upon his glancing blade—
Bright as the scimitar a Sultan wears,
On the first day he takes a Sultan's cares—

Then hastening from that hushed and still debate,
He flung himself upon the paths of fate !

* * * *

'Tis night ! The many stars are on the wave,
Twinkling in the blue modest light they have ;
And heaven, rich spangled with their little beams,
Seems like some land we've pictured in our dreams,
Where every spot and every isle is full
Of something passing bright and beautiful.
'Tis night ! and Geraldine, in thoughtful mood,
Strays through his castle's ample solitude ;
But when his thoughts should be upon the hours
Of fight, why roams he idly through these towers ?

Oh ! there is one within that castle-wall,
Whom he adores and worships, more than all,
Existence knew. Oh ! there is one, whose glance
Is more to him than helm, or steed, or lance ;
And whose soft eyes possess a holier power
Than any that have shone in rosiest bower.
Gentle and fair, ALICIA was to him
All that we deem of loveliest cherubim.--
The creeping tendril where he had entwined
All that he loved or cherished of mankind.
Pure as the blaze that mystically burned
The furnace, where the Hebrews were inurned,

His passion was an inward feeling known
To such high souls as his and such alone.
It was a love that must have had its birth,
When primal angels wooed the maids of earth ;
Holy and undefiled as the torch
That hung its light round Vesta's stainless porch.

Alicia was a being, whose young breast
Was made to love, to bless, and to be blessed.
Nurtured in innocence's own tenderness,
She was unknown to evil's wild caress ;
For every thought that God had shrined within
Was hallowed, and so pure of earthly sin,
That ev'n an unpolluted saint might be,
Happy to think so like divinity.
Within that castle-wall she whiled each day,
Basking in her own beauty's brilliant ray ;
For she had never known a fonder joy,
Than that of loving her own patriot boy.
Round *him* she clung, as ivy round a stone,
Twining its flexile foliage, till alone
And blooming there, it made a very part
Of what it clung to——life, and soul, and heart.
True, Geraldine was wild, and his young years
Were scarcely such as gave him all the fears
And hopes of manhood, and the fleecy down
Of infancy had not been blasted by the frown

Of elder sorrows, still Alicia flung
Herself into his arms, and *there* she hung
Budding in happiness, while her worshipper
Each hour and moment grew more wrapt in her!—
What of his guilelessness? What of his youth?
When heart meets heart in all the warmth of truth,
Surely it little matters that the hand
Of time has not spell-bound us with *its* wand;
That the quick panting of our boyish years
Has not been curbed by after woes and tears?

Alicia's form was of that airy frame,
All light—all health—all beauty—that could claim
Companionship with sylphs, and be a fay,
Softer, purer, lovelier far than they!
Her eyes shone round in most voluptuous blue,
Sparkling and glowing as the Persian dew;
And her dark lashes languishingly fell,
Like morning Sun o'er meads of asphodel.
Blushing and small her soft and amber mouth,
When pouring kisses on that happy youth,
Breathed with the odours of the spicy South;
And one bright moment of her dreamy smile
Repaid a world of anguish and of toil.

Such was the creature whom Geraldine sought,
As silently he moved in lengthened thought.

Light was his step and eager was his tread,
Whene'er before he took the way that led
Unto Alicia's bowers ; and drear and long
'Twould seem, until he stood those bowers among.
But now, while turning for the last sad hour,
That he should slumber in her wedded bower,
There was a sickly heaviness of heart,
More than the sense of absence could impart—
There was that loneliness of mind which comes
Most drearily; like death-light from the tombs,—
And often bodes of misery to be,
Like glimpses of a sad eternity.—
That lorn, prophetic feeling which will steal
Round our sunk hearts, as though it would reveal
Some secrets of misfortune to our ears,
Sent on its sad commission from the spheres.

Oft as he tripped it through each corridore,
Which fringed the splendid rooms that lay before,
Would the low sounds of music sweep away,
Like song of virgins in the fair Cathay,
Hymning their evening psaltery to the God,
Whose meetest altar is the mountain sod :
Oft as he hurried to the spot, he'd hear
Alicia's voice in raptured music near,
Singing some dulcet lay of that past age
When knighthood's life was but a pilgrimage

Of love, and when at the calm evening hour
Ladies would welcome their own Troubadour.
But now 'twas silent all and not a voice
Bade his desponding heart at length rejoice.
There was a sullen stillness in the gloom,
That spoke of evil—and of death and doom !

A twinkling of far lamps, paly and blue,
Flashes, like stars, that ancient gallery through.
Geraldine passes by each brilliant room,
Breathing with roses or with rose-perfume ;
And hurrying over the smooth cedar-floor
Of moresque work is—at Alicia's door !
Reclining like some witching Indian girl,
She slumbers on an ottoman of pearl :
The gaudy trappings of the room are graced
With all the rich luxuriance of the East ;
Carpet and drapery splendid, as the wand
Of swarthy Gnome could make his fairy land.
A small guitar, its minstrel strings unstrung,
Above her sleeping head neglected hung :
A vase of violets scattered on the ground
Shed their indigenous odours all around ;
And a long galaxy of sweet wax-light
Dazzled with its slow flame the aching sight !
Pale, as if sorrow had impressed her heart,
She dreamed away—a beauteous thing—apart

From all that flourished round her, as though earth
Had nought to claim in her celestial birth!
Young Geraldine looked down upon that brow,
Which smiled with all the purity of snow,
Ere drifting from the skies, it melts away
In the polluted bed of mingling clay.
And then he deemed it hard that e'er he should
Be torn away from all life had of good:
And as he gazed upon her sleeping form,
He felt the strong, the overpowering charm
Of female loveliness, whose beauties then
Beamed with a force *he* never knew again?

Mark! she awakes and sees her husband there,
Stamped with the signet of his recent care.
A moment, panting on her fevered bed
She inly sighed, and, smiling on him, said:

“ My Geraldine, how haply art thou come
“ To ease my spirit from a world of gloom.
“ I’ve had a dream, and oh! ’twas such a dream
“ As thy imagination ne’er could deem:
“ It seemed that we—but say, my Geraldine,
“ Are you not mine, and I entirely thine?”

“ My dearest life, thou know’st this world has nought
“ To lure, where thou, my angel-love, art not!

"Thou knowest that thou art the golden ray

"To sanctify the joys of life's dull way

"Then why thus doubt?"

"Oh! no, I only dreamed

"That our young prospects were not all they seemed;

"And as I sunk, a little hour ago,

"Into the rest where I have fancied so,

"Methought I heard the sweetest music float,

"From upper air, in one complaining note.

"It was the language of some widowed soul,

"Whom Heaven itself had deigned to console!

"Heard you?"

"Oh! no, my love, that hour I sat

"With our King's council in a deep debate,

"Surely no wandering minstrel-boy would dare

"Intrude upon your hour of evening prayer?"

"It was not thus! For as that voice became

"Fainter, a fearful inward chilling came

"Upon my heart; and then I felt as I

"Should leave this world—my Geraldine, and die!

"Oh! can it be that that mysterious lay

"Came as a voice to bid my soul away—

"A something thus prophetic from Heaven sent

"To warn me from this land of banishment?

"As Erin's legends often tell us how

"The Banshee's keening wins us from below!

“ But oh ! what pang is this ?——My heart—my heart !
“ It feels as though each fibre sprang apart !—
“ My brain !—— Oh ! God !——”

But ere the words were spoken,
A deep mist veiled her eyes—the mortal token
That Death’s irrevocable dart is sped.
Downward and palsied hung her stricken head ;
A short convulsion o’er her features past ;
Like a spring flower when withered by the blast
Her bosom shrunk — her fair breast throbbed — she
sighed—
She gasped—she turned to Geraldine—and died !

Pulseless and petrified, as though Medusa stood
With her Gorgonic shield to freeze his blood,
Geraldine saw the change, the deadly hue,
That lightened through Alicia’s eyes of blue !
He saw her lovely color leave the cheek,
He saw it fringed with dissolution’s streak,
He saw her tremble to his arms, and sink
Away, bursting in twain the gentlest link,
That bound his erring soul to earth—as ’twere
The final eclipse of life’s brightest star !
He saw—Oh ! God !—and staggering there,
Personified the statue of despair.

Joyless and heartless, hopeless and deprest,
He stood, his manly arms upon his breast ;
His fiery eye o'ercast with the dark gloom,
That welcomes youthful sorrow to the tomb.

It is ! it is a fearful thing to mark
The daring mind—the lofty soul—the dark
Of feeling, torn and rent from all they loved—
To see the star-light of their hopes removed ;
Leaving the solitude of grief behind
To trace its cankering way upon the mind.
Oh ! it is dread and fearful to behold
The lip, the eye we loved, for ever cold ;
But far more dread to see the lofty soul
Bursting in anguish which we can't console ;—
To see its tortures dwell upon the brain,
Searing with madness every healthy vein !

Wildly and sadly o'er that form he hung,
While the habiliments of death still flung
Their shade around, and ere the sepulchre
Had yet embosomed his fond heart with her.
The pageant passed, the funeral mourning o'er,
He walked with mankind, but not as before ;
For his “ lone widowhood of soul ” had ta'en
Possession it would not resign again !

Fiercely he pants him for the battle's cry,
To mingle in the war's loud revelry ;
And there forget amid the rebel's strife,
His everlasting bitterness of life.
Sternly he battled in the farthest van,
When sword met sword and man's opposed to man ;
And carnage triumphed in the paths he made,
Through ranks of foes, with his destructive blade !

* * * *

Years have rolled on, and time has fled away,
Making the past as if 'twere yesterday ;
And once again upon that castle's wall
The setting splendors of the evening fall :—
Fairly as did they on that balmy eve,
When first the minstrel's numbers learned to heave ;
And the proud banner gleams on Ossory's tower,
As though it were not bathed by many a shower
Of blood and storm—as though it had not been
Waving o'er many a red and dusky scene.
The saltier cross and argent fleur-de-lys
Dance in the night breeze, high and floatingly ;
As when that *sable field* first rose above
The chosen palace of the fondest love.
Oh ! who could think what many a change has been,
Since first we gazed upon that tranquil scene ?

But thus it is with human life, for aye
Changeful, as ocean's iridescent spray,
Feelings, passions, and prospects—nought the same
We knew in infancy, for with this frame—
A feeble wreck of woes—each wish, each thought,
Into some different form is hourly wrought.
Man is renewed; he blossoms and decays,
While all, but he, retains its pristine blaze!

Whose is that form, which at the lonely hour,
Hastens in silence to yon beetling tower?
Ever as day declines upon its ocean bed,
There doth he stray with rosary and bead;
And till the pall of night has robed the earth,
From that lone tower he walks not, comes not forth!
By the rude sculpture of a tomb, in prayer,
He sighs atonement for the sleepers there;
And weeping o'er a female's chiselled bust,
His sorrows mingle with the senseless dust:
Inward and undiminished as that night,
When death came o'er him in its maddening blight!

Years have rolled by! that drooping chieftain yet,
Lonely, as Muezzin on his minaret,
Wanders at evening to the silent spot,
Round which each solace of his age is wrought.

It was a night of stormy skies, when last
Geraldine from his hermit chamber passed.
The morning came ; he was not there ; they search
The winding halls, the peopled towers, the church—
And kneeling there upon the clammy ground,
The blighted corpse of Geraldine was found !

Within that little grave they placed their lord,
Near her,—the only one he e'er adored :
And, as the after legend told his tale,
The blush upon the maiden's cheek grew pale,
Lest Fortune such a web for her should twine,
As for ALICIA and HER GERALDINE ! !

P O E M S.

P O E M S.

“ I STOOD BY THE GRAVE.”

I STOOD by the grave, and the dark night came
From its evening couch of faded flame ;
The blue stars shed their silver ray
On a form mōre brief and pale than they :
I stood on the grave, and I thought how soon
From its sleep I should welcome the “ lady moon.”

The ivy shook, as the wild bat fled
On its path of night, o'er the voiceless dead ;
The willows waved to the sullen blast,
That sadly across the red tombs passed ;
And weeping over my kindred clay,
I stood by the grave where my fathers lay.

I stood by the grave, 'mid the wailing moans,
That whispered over the bleaching bones :
I stood by the grave, 'mid the flowers that grew,
Rank and wild, 'neath that poisonous dew ;
I stood by the grave, and I wished that the breeze,
Should thus blow on me, when I slept like these !

I stood by the grave, and my young heart felt
Its hopes and its fears together melt,
How the bliss of life, which I loved so well,
Had vanished, I could not, I could not tell ;
But I felt that my spirit soon should be
Straying in light through heaven's blue sea.

I stood by the grave, and I turned away.
From all that on earth could woo my stay,
In the diademed world my place was high,
'Mid the full of heart and the bright of eye ;
But I felt that I soon should leave them all,
For the charnel's feast and the death-worm's hall.

Oh! there are many, and fond and gay,
Who will weep my spirit when passed away ;
And they will think how I have been
Thoughtless as ought of their thoughtless scene :
Yet, I stood by the grave, and I only sighed
For the hour that should tell them —that I had died !

I deemed that my manhood, one violet path
Of life may have, as my boyhood hath ;
But a festering curse has blighted me,
Ere the blossom had dropped from the withered tree ;
Still I stood by the grave, and I wished that I,
In its putrid bed, could meekly lie.

I stood by the grave—a single hour—
And methought 'twould make a pleasant bower.
For willow, and cypress, and rosemary,
A chaplet fresh should weave for me ;
And my nuptial feast the worms should share ;
Quaffing their draughts from the white skulls there !

A LEAF FROM MY HOURS OF REFLECTIONS*.

AND what, if pale consumption flit around
This form of fragile clay ?
And what, if weeping be the only sound,
That consecrates my lay ?

The vermeil hue of morning health may die,
Blossom, and leaf, and bloom ;
While its poor ruined beauties may supply
A garland for the tomb.

Nightly, the lamp has flung it yellow light
Upon the classic page :
Nightly, I've marvelled at the feelings bright,
Known to each classic sage.

* The above stanzas were written in 1825, three years ago, when the author's over application induced a friend to make an observation that elicited the lines in the text. The author does not mean that the feelings conveyed in many of the subsequent fugitive pieces, should be taken for those under which he labours.

Their spirit and their song have been to me
A most engrossing spell :
While I have read, sorrowing I e'er should be
Compelled to sigh farewell.

But this is over, and the seeds of death—
The faded cheek and brow—
Nurtured to spring-tide by some Siroc's breath,
Are budding even now.

And yet I care not, for my soul is drunk,
Deep drunk with sorrow's cup ;
And every light of hope is out, and sunk ;
Never to sparkle up.

But I too have a parent,—what will she,
When I am dead and gone?
Then, when in destitution, she shall be
A doubly widowed one ?

I've seldom loved the world ; for my young fate
Has been so mixed with grief,
In boyhood's prime I've felt as desolate,
As others in the leaf.

My sun has risen from a sea of tears,
Sleeping in noxious showers ;
And when 'tis thus, what bliss can after years
Bestow for by-gone hours ?

Ah ! let it be,—I'll gently sink to rest,
Nor ever wake again :
Beyond the grave, perhaps, this wounded breast
May slumber from its pain !

ELLA'S BOWER.

THE evening lights are streaming far
From Ella's lonely bower,
And the first glow of yon quick star,
That lamps the path of Heaven's car,
Silters each sleepy flower :
Then flee, my love, my own love flee,
And to the isles of Ind our course shall be !

It is the hour, the bright stars tell
Their loves unto the sky :
When haggard witch prepares her spell
From charms that in the night-flowers dwell,
Most still and slumberingly !
Then come, my love, my own love come,
And those bright stars shall chart our fairy home.

The lights are quenched in the lattice high,
And Ella's bower is dark ;
Smile fair, smile fair, thou blue, blue sky,
Roll on, ye billows, murmuringly,
Beneath our heaving bark ;
And bear us off to the far, far isles,
Where day awakes in a summer of smiles !

THE STAR.

PALE, on the orient throne
Of yon exulting Heaven ;
In its magnificence alone,
Rose the mild star of even.

No other beam was nigh
Its light of loveliness,
Which flung its radiance through the sky,
To hallow and to bless.

And there it seemed a thing.
To herald us to bliss,
And bid us soar, on seraph wing,
To better worlds than this.

Oh! how I've loved to gaze
Upon its summer sheen ;
Lost in its grandeur, like the rays
Of glory, that hath been.

Alone, in that wide sea,
The little star was hung ;
And *then*, methought it spoke to me
Of years, when *I* was young.

When, like itself, a beam
Of pleasure and of life,
I saw the world one lovely dream,
That could not wake to strife.

Like it, my life must flee
Through worlds of night and cloud ;
And sorrow, like the skies, must be
Around me for a shroud.

Pale star of eve, what soul
Of poetry is thine !
Breathing the fire of thy control
On such deep hearts as mine !

Sweet star ! whene'er I turn
To worship at thy fane,
Oh ! how I long to live and burn
Amid thy argent train.

It was the other night,
I spent a happy hour,
Catching the lustre of thy light
From every dewy flower.

All lonely and unfriended,
I watched thy evening rays ;
With *them*, methought, were soothly blended
Visions of better days.

And yet, whate'er may be
The poet's erring lot,
The hour, when he has bent to thee,
Shall never be forgot !

DR. MILNER'S GRAVE.

MORNING had risen on the world—bright, fair,
And young in warmth, laughing, as its blue eye
Beamed its sun-glories on the melting air,
Fresh sparkling with the sweetness of the sky.
The dressed earth smiled, as if there was no tear
Upon the cheek of manhood's revelry ;
And quick and boundingly my free heart soared
To breathe its homage to its star-throned Lord.

God of the humble ! thou whose radiant throne
Is pillared by the seraphim's crowned throng,
Circled by lucid cherubs, as a zone
Round Beauty's bosom, exquisite yet strong ;
I love this time, upon the hills, alone
To laud thee with the matin hymn of song :
And ever do I feel my spirit rise
Within me, as it bows to morning's sacrifice !

But where am I?—with the day-breaking through,

In dim distinctness, the far-shadowed aisle!

There is a spell upon my soul, a hue

That mantles it with joy and grief, the while:

And every burst of thought that thrills to view

Seems trembling with the pressure of the pile,—

The deep, deep soul of prayer,—the sleeping sound

Of 'silence palpable,' that floats around!

Where am I? with the tabernacled dome

Above me, like a path that leads to heaven;*

And the felt stillness of the hour,—the gloom,

The holy gloom, by meek Religion given

Unto the heart, where she has built her home,

Stealing around me, like the shade of even?

There is a feel that it were bliss to die

With breathings of this hour—but where am I?

—That lonely niche, where the sun's first beams shine,

As they were dancing o'er a warrior's plume—

What means the glory, which enwreaths that shrine

With all the pomp of Heaven's effulgent gloom?

* The new chapel at Wolverhampton. The writer has here attempted to trace his impressions on first entering the splendid building, beneath which rest the ashes of Dr. Milner.

Thy foot is on immortal dast! Twine, twine
Hope's fadeless garlands over MILNER's tomb!
Hang up thy harps, for *he* has rested too,
The last—the greatest son that Juda knew !

Touch not the soil, for *he* is sleeping there
In a rich shroud that never shall decay,
And pure the watching lamp shall shed its glare
Of living lustre round his couch of clay !
Sleep on, enduring name, sleep on thy bier
Of mortal rottenness,—sleep on, and lay
Thy name within the blaze of Heaven's gemmed page,
To cheer the struggles of each after age.

And thou art with the dead, and every deed
To which the flesh was heir has slept with thee!
Shrined in thy slumbers, Glory be the meed
That hallows thy repose of sanctity!
Child of the Godhead's martyr-peopled creed,
Bright be thy place amid the clouds, for we
Shall deem the upward skies more pure and fair,
While Hope reveals that MILNER resteth there!

SONNET.

I LOVED thee well, when in thy beauty's blaze
My wild eye looked on thine:—the love, the light
Of thy soul's tenderness,—impassioned, bright,—
To me, were Heaven and all, in those sweet days.
Lady, I am not now what I was then:
The loneliness of mourning, and the night
Of fond hope's crushed, have been to me a blight,
That well might sweep me from my fellow men.
My life has been in weeping more than smiles;
The spirit's fall, the heart's ruin, the tears
And listlessness of grief have crowned my toils,
And been to me the "star-light" of my years.
Then wonder not, if seldom now, my hand,
Sweet love! can wake the lyre at thy command!

LINES,

**WRITTEN FROM THE RECOLLECTION OF THE LAST
MOMENTS SPENT AT HOME, PREVIOUS TO MY
LAST DEPARTURE FROM IT.**

**'T'WAS a fair morning, and the day
In crimson curled upon the wave ;
Giving its glory to the gay,
Fond things of earth—the good—the brave.
Mountain and valley, hill and glen,
Put on their robes of light again ;
And green and fresh they looked, as though
Years had not pressed upon their brow.**

**The calm lake was before me, and
No wild breeze stirred its sleepy breast,—
Gentle and still, as if the hand
Of storm had never woke its rest.**

I looked upon it; 'twas an hour
To feel and worship Nature's power,
At altars, God himself hath made,
Shrines, that should never fall nor fade !

And I did kneel and worship there,
With all intensity of heart,
Making to Heaven my farewell prayer,
Ere I from this loved land should part.
Before me spread the Abbey's shade*,
Where slept and sleep my kindred dead,
And round me was a rush of thought,
Which the dark past about me brought.

'Twas placid all in heaven, and earth
Dreamed on a couch of quiet too,
And the far mountains of my birth
Smiled in their drapery of blue;
And yet a weight of darkness clung
Unto my heart, I stood among
That elfin scene,—the only one,
Who did not bless the genial Sun !

* The author's residence happening to be within view of the Abbey, where many of his dearest kindred are buried, and which is situated at the opposite side of the water, assisted very much in producing the melancholy feeling with which he gave his parting glance to Lough Lane, on the morning of his departure, a few years since.

Doubtings, terrors—I knew not why—
Prophetic whispering of ills,—
Bodings, which omened, that, ere I,
Again should greet those sunny hills,
Many a blot would dim my life
With sorrow and with foolish strife:—
That the vain world would hand me up,
The bitterest draught of folly's cup!

And so it was, and thus have I
Drunk deep that venom'd draught of gall!
They have my thanks, then let them lie
Forgotten, the base friend and all!
It is an idle thing to shrink
From the drugged bowl we all must drink,
And 'tis a coward soul, that will
Chafe at its portion of life's ill.

Green hills and still more lovely lake,
'Tis long since I have said farewell!
When next I mark the morning break
Over each isle of thine and dell;
An altered, yet a wayward thing,
I still shall love thee, still shall cling
With all a poet's love, and woo
The world to do, the very worst that world can do,

Within my fathers' halls there are
 Glad faces that will hallow all ;
 And hearts, whose thrilling pulses were
 Aye true to nature's fondest call :
 A mother's love—the holiest—best,
 That ever warmed a mother's breast—
 A sister's virtues—still remain
 As then they were, to bid me welcome once again !

Frankfort Sur Mayne,
Oct. 9, 1828.

LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THAT SIR FRANCIS BURDETT'S
BILL WAS REJECTED BY THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WE are slaves !—we are slaves !—aye, *for ever* are slaves,
And the seal of our bondage is flung to the gale ;
Shades of our fathers ! rise up from your graves,
And array us in corselets, and bind us in mail !

The last deepest warning of freedom is past,
And the vote of the nation has chartered our chains ;
The mantle of night o'er our visions they cast,
And they've darkened the hope that had flowed in our
veins.

It is o'er !—the last struggle of justice is o'er !
We had fought till we bled—and our portion is woe ;
We had bled, 'till our couch was an ocean of gore,
And our tyrants have dealt us a death-dealing blow !

Wake the cry !—Let the pæan of triumph ring forth !—

Let the idol of party be throned in the air !

And the dark ORANGE faction be lords on the earth,

For the lofty and brave are the sons of despair !

The genius of ruin may stalk through our land,

And Havock grow drunk in its revel of blood :

And accursed be the soul, and accursed be the hand,

That will * * * * *

Our temples are prostrate and struck to the earth ;

The shrines of our GOD are unhallowed—unbless'd !

And the weeping of hearts is the desolate mirth,

That lives in the halls where our young heroes rest.

Let their legions of bloodhounds in darkness go forth,

Let them marshal the ranks of their gloomy array ;

For D——n and B——ey——, the chiefs of the north,

Are assembled to lead in the desperate play.

Let G——n and A——gl——a polish the steel,—

Let E——n rejoice in the conquest of might,—

Let the shouts of applause be the greeting of P——l,

For his tongue hath forbid us the heirship of right !

And oh ! may the serpents of conscience entwine
 Their wreathes of destruction round tyranny's brow,
 Protecting Ierne's inviolate shrine,
 From the brand of the bigot, that rioteth now.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

Oh ! my country !—my country ! how long must you be,
 The lowest, though fairest, that earth ever saw ?
 While you swim in the glories of earth, sky, and sea,
 Must you wither and pine 'neath the breath of the
 LAW ?

The brand of eternity, surely, is stamped
 On the cankering fetters that cling to your soil ;
 Or the poison of death has relentlessly damped
 The ever-green bloom that was gemmed in your smile.

And is it that ever our island must bleed
 'Neath the fanatic rule of the weak and unwise,
 And the perjured in soul be the conquering creed
 That would make us of faction and bloodshed the prize ?

Shall the hearths of our people be riven with sorrow,
Because they would kneel at the altars of old?
And shall life's highest merits their dignities borrow
From truckling our faith to the conqueror's gold?

Oh! soon may the base ones, who scorned at our claims,
See the banners of liberty proudly unfurled,
And the torch that shall kindle their funeral flames
Be the torch to light up a regenerate world!

March 8th, 1827.

THE PARTING.

IT was a most luxuriant eve—tranquil,
And calm and bright, such as doth often gild
The setting warmth of an Italian day.
Life and life's transports—sheening on a throne
Of gorgeous clouds, purple and sapphire, and
Deep-dyed with every mingled tint of heaven,
Were shrined in the air. Feeling and love
Were in the very face of eve, as its
Rich veil fell splendidly across the deep,
Dark waters' bed of blue—starry and spangled !
Two beings gazed upon those waters' bosom :—
The one,—budding in beauty, like a flower
Shedding ambrosia o'er the ambient air.
Her soft eyes wandered in a laughing blaze
Of most bewitching blue : her wreathed tresses
Rolled, clustering and thick, round a fair breast,
That breathed intelligence and love ; her lips
Murmured in sweetness, as the rosy smiles,
That guarded them, were in her very words.

And by her stood a youth, who proudly looked
 Upon her angel form,—younger and trembling,
 He dared not, could not utter *all* he felt.
 Like some aspirant of another age,
 Whose spear and helm were offerings of the heart's
 Long plighted faith, he stood in silent homage
 Before his idol's brow. He gazed and worshipped;
 And the maid seemed not regardless all,
 Of what his full eyes told.

* * * * *

Happy and blissful were that youthful pair,
 But their life's dream has changed. 'Tis noon—the full
 The fervid noon of day, and in the streets
 Of a most bustling city they are straying.
 The flush of expectation passed away
 From their unfurrowed cheeks; the glowing smile,
 That springs from the heart's hope, evanished; the
 Cold glow of disappointed youth is on them,
 And the black hand of sorrow even now
 Has marked them for its own. They part—they part!
 Aye, part in weeping and in anguish, such
 As none can tell who have not felt. The last
 Warm grasp—the last imploring look—the last
 Expression of young love—the trembling lip—
 The clouded eye—the breaking heart—the breast
 That heaves—the cheek that blushes, as it were

Ashamed of its emotion — *these* were there !
And more than these, for all their visioned joys
Have fled away !——They parted, but to meet
——No more ! A promiseless futurity
Around them flung its dusky shade. Upon
That young man's blood a chilling fever rushed ;
The blank of life extended to his eye,
And the lorn madness of despairing love
Hath frenzied him. Parents and friends, and hopes
Alike have dwindled, and his widowed heart
Breaks in the effort that it makes to live.
That maiden, ah ! she is desolate, and grief
Indeed is deeply her's ; the wasting grief
That gnaws until existence passeth.
Visions of by-gone happiness rush in,
And then the future—oh ! one shrubless void,
'Tis desolation and despair and horror !
Weeping the inward fulness of their soul,
They part.

* * * * *

And time hath rolled away ; that young
Man's brow is silvered with progressive years,
And he is not what he was wont to be.
I saw him standing on a stranger coast :—
It was Colombia's shore :—and woe's grey mist
Was fresh upon him. He turned him towards the spot,

Where Erin sleepeth in her chains, and kneeling,
As when the pilgrim kneels to the vast heaven's
Stupendous throne, he sank upon the sod.
The sea-breeze rumbled o'er him, and
Its wail sang prophecies of his lone fate.
The morning came, he rose not, for that night
Had been the last for him, whose heart was scared
In its first hour of early love !

THE FATE OF YOUTH.

THE tide of life, in its wreathed foam,
Is sparkling down to its ocean home ;
And the laugh of Spring, and its melting smile,
Are dimpling o'er my cheek the while,
Though the dark cold gale of an early blight
Has passed o'er the noon of my boyhood's light.

My brow is fair as the summer sky,
Ere the tempest-cloud hath travelled by,
And my cheek is flushed with the rosy joy
That mellows the lip of the guileless boy ;
But my heart! my heart! oh! look not there,
For its blood is streaming with wild despair.

The bloom, the bliss, and the radiant blaze,
That lit the course of my infant days :
And the blithesome sounds of revelry,
As young hearts met 'neath the green-wood tree ;
And the balm of Spring and the dream of night—
All, all are gone from my blasted sight !

The world may glow with the sheeny mirth
Of Spring-tide over the flowers of earth;
And the lovely eye of the soft and fair
May blaze its light on the Iris air;
But the twilight time and the abbey's shade
Are meetest far for hopes decayed.

'Twas the sleep of night and I stood alone,
Gazing abroad on the heaven's blue zone;
And I thought of the many, whose foot had trod
Together in youth o'er our heath-dressed sod,
And they had perished, like leaves, away,
Withering down to their kindred clay.

I stood alone, and a spirit came
Of fear and dread o'er my fragile frame,
And the moon above, from her cloud-veiled shrine,
Looked sad and dim on this form of mine,
And it seemed to omen that *I* should lay,
Ere long, forgotten and cold as *they*!

My life is young, and the voice of death
Hath poured around its putrid breath;
And the soft of eye and the fair cheek's bloom
Have been to me as things of the tomb,
And from all earth has of bright or gay,
In chill disgust have I turned away.

The soul of song and its music band
Have led me oft through their fairy land ;
And in fancy's bowers I have loved to dwell,
Roaming, the live-long day, through each haunted dell :
But that spell is gone, and that soul is fled,
As the poet fades to the bloodless dead.

Ah ! weep me not, when the wall-flower's shade
Shall tell where my confined pride is laid ;
And place no stone, as a beacon, nigh,
To woo the prayer of the passer by ;
But let willows wave, and the rank grass be
The only thing to remember me !

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE SIMULTANEOUS MEETINGS IN
IRELAND, JANUARY, 1828.

A VOICE!—a voice through Erin's land!—The thrill
Of thousands kneeling at their altar fires!
Valley and deep glen, river, lake, and hill,
Fling back the echo of the mountain choirs!
Bride of the ocean! see the torch expires
Of death, which flamed around thy island throne!
Proud in thy bursting glory, let the lyres
Of Erin's bards, their loveliest music tone
With all the visionary swell of ages gone!

Let the sweet East its Arab perfumes fling
From the dark treasures of its womb, Let light
Of morn, like South-sea plumage, dress the wing
Of Hope's young bird: let all that's fair or bright
Contribute its magnificence of might:
For the loud tongue of millions hymns the song
Of joyous liberty; and the wild flight
Of bondage, takes its farewell path along
The high and glittering grandeur of that glorious throng!

Life in the city! in the mount and vale!

Life by the tabernacled shrines of Heaven!
Through the thronged streets—the od'rous fields—
one tale

Of Jubilee is heard, *one* prayer is given!
Down from its idol, prostrate faction driven,
Writhes on the earth; and Erin, in that hour
Of promise and of Union, looks as ev'n
The Phoenix from her ashes, in her power
Of bloom and beauty, freshening from her own blood's
shower.

It is the brightness of an azure sky,
And patriot hearts are swelling in their seat!
Hope on the lip, and rapture in the eye,
Rich language sparkles from the brain's retreat:—
Language that echo gladdens to repeat,
Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to look upon—
Myriads arraying for their rights, a meet
And stiring scene, as e'er the monarch Sun
Hath tinged with light, through all the skies his car
hath run!

The lovely and the young—the virgin brow,
Glowing in adoration, and the breast
Of naked beauteousness; the wanton flow
Of the full ringlet, by each fond wind kissed;

The soft of cheek, the heaving bosom, nest
Of every radiant thought :—the bowed, the old,
With their quick pulse of passion long at rest.
Clad in their hoariness, like clouds in gold,
All, all are *there*, amid the banded crowd enrolled !

To watch them through the holy island, kneeling
Before one common fane ; to hear them pray
In one accord ; oh ! *it* is grand—revealing
Promise unto the wearied heart ; for *they*
Must wring redress from England, and her sway
Must bow the sceptre to their voice. Bright name*,
Which lit the lion bondsmen unto day,
Proud be *thy* glory in the folds of fame,
When Erin's annals smile upon a page of flame !

* It is scarcely necessary to say, that the author here alludes to the gifted and patriotic SHEIL.

FITZ-GERALD'S WIFE.

I saw her once again. Memory still portrays the lovely mourner wrapt in sable attire; deserted, yet not alone, for the tender pledge of conjugal affection clings to a bosom now insensible to all but sorrow. If beauty interests our feelings, and misfortune claims our sympathy in the ordinary walks of life, shall we refuse it to the high-born—to the illustrious by descent—to the wedded partner of the noble and the brave? A stranger in our land, she was the adopted child of Erin; but, alas! the adopted of her misfortunes.—*Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion.* p. 152.

I SAW her in her pride of bloom,
Gazing upon her husband's face;
While her dark tresses, like a plume,
Fell o'er her in a wreath of grace;
And innocent, and pure and young,
She walked life's happy bowers among.

I saw her when the sudden blight
Had blanched her cheek and dimmed her brow,
And her heart's promise ta'en its flight
Upon the raven-wings of woe;
Making this loving, lovely thing,
A child of tears and suffering!

Her patriot lord is on the bier,
His red sword in his soldier-hand,
And in her hour of grief and fear,
She sorrows for that better land,
Where the redeeming God will speak
Comfort and succour to the weak.

For her the birds of morn impart
No pleasure in their matin hymn;
For death is in her silent heart,
And her rapt feelings sleep with *him*,
Who slumbers in the nameless grave,
That waits the unsuccessful brave.

Oh! woman's love and woman's grief!
Deepening through time's all-furrowing gloom
Nor living for a late relief,
Your only rest is in the tomb!
How sacred is the pure revealing
Of woman's love and woman's feeling!

MUSIC.

**MUSIC! music!—a spell and a sound,
That in earth, and in air, and in hearts are found :—
In the stream, that splashes in light along,
Filling the skies with its sleepy song :—
In the crystal foam, that crests the sea,
As it riots in spray and mystery :—
In the forest gloom, that shadows the earth,
When the orient sun from his bowers goes forth :—
In the mellow hymn of the plaintive bird,
When, at morn, its voice through the clouds is heard :—
In beauty's brow and her eye of blue,
When graced and blushed by the mountains' hue :—
In the stars of night, as they sail above,
Through the fair bright spheres of heaven and love :—
In the winds of eve, that kiss the lyre,
Calling sweet sounds to life, where they expire :—
There's music in each and every thing,—
In the winter's tale and the voice of spring ;**

But oh! above all, in the bonds that wind
In friendship's links round the youthful mind,
Making each chord of the playful heart
Its tones of joy to the soul impart,
And giving to life the tenderest pain,
That ever was sung by minstrel's strain!

YOUTH AND LOVE.

Oh ! youth and love ! what genial hour
Is that sweet one which greets your birth,
When bright eyes shed their kindling shower
Of beauty, on the hearts of earth !

Oh ! youth and love ! that it were mine
Again to feel as I have felt,—
A votary at your flowery shrine
Again to kneel as I have knelt.

This world is all unkind, they say,
And I have ever known it so,
With few fond hearts to soothe the way,
Our sorrowing pilgrimage must go.

Yet I have roamed through many a land,
Where roses scent the amber air,
And languished 'mid each lovely band,
That they could boast, of young and fair.

And gazing on the giddy throng,
I could have wished to be as they ;
Deserting my weak harp and song,
To be as giddy and as gay.

But no ! the thoughtless hour is past,
When I might breathe as light and free ;
When pleasure's wreaths around were cast
To be caught up and worn by me,

Of all the gifts that earth can bring,
One loving heart and smiling eye, —
A heart, whose love would not take wing
With every bird that fluttered by.

—An eye to glad me with its beam,
When sorrow leans upon the brow,—
These, these are all, my lot would claim
From the swelled founts of bliss below.

Oh ! happy, happy is the age,
When hearts will love and love with truth,
Whate'er the cold of blood, and sage,
May rave of prudence or of youth.

Yes ! 'mid this wilderness of woe,
Where is the lip, that would not taste
The only stream whose waters flow
In warmth and sweetness through the waste ?

Oh ! love and youth ! thrice holy things,
Existing but to wither too,
How oft, my mind's imaginings
Dwell, in their backward flight, with you !

But you are gone, and cold and still
The heart forgets its wonted bounds,
Wrapped in a sleep so drear and chill,
It heeds not—hears not your loved sounds !

Maestricht, Oct. 18, 1828.

“ BY THE MOUNTAIN GLEN.”

By the mountain glen, in the Summer hour,
When the musk wind kisses each opening flower ;
By the blue lake's breast, at the twilight's birth,
When evening broods o'er the dreaming earth ;
I have wandered forth, with my own deep thought,
To dress it in hues from that soft time caught.

By the burning blaze of the Sun God's beam,
Folding its rays on the lap of the stream ;
By its noon-day breath on the spicy grove,
When earth and heaven are made for love ;
I have gazed on the sky, and my ceaseless prayer
Has been for life and for mercy there.

But my soul is sorrowed, and I have naught
To fling its balm round my lonely lot ;
And the mountain glen and the silent lake,
With no gleam of peace on *my* visions break ;
For the trance of youth, from its death-like sleep,
Hath waked on the world to sigh and weep.

I would not dwell 'mid a vale of flowers
In the cinnamon clime of Arabia's bowers;
I would not love the loveliest brow,
That beauty brightens with sunniest glow;
Nor would I live where the Genii are
In a land of roses and gems, afar.

Oh! no;—be it mine to tread alone,
O'er a briary path to Jehovah's throne;
And the rock shall be the richest shrine,
To receive each hallowed gift of mine;
Till time is o'er, and till life shall be
Mingling in death's eternal sea!

THE BANSHEE'S KEEN.

THE wail of death is in the air,
Its voice is on the gale,
And the blanched cheeks of earth's most fair
In their soul's fear, look pale.
A voice is in the deep, dark night,
Thrilling the blood with dread,
For brave, high hearts, and strong and bright
Fade to the silent dead,

It is a gloomy thing to hear
The song of sorrow rise,
Wildly in the night hour of fear,
Through the illumined skies;
It is a fearful thing to know
It summonses away
The heart, which we have cherished best,
Through all life's rugged way.

And I have seen it so, and known
The terror of its breath,—
To think and *feel* myself alone,
With my loved friends in death;
And I have seen each loveliest thing
That won this fickle heart,
Bloom for a moment in its spring,
And then, and *then*——depart!

I've heard the rushing sound of sorrow
Borne through the stilly cloud;
I've heard, and ere the blushing morrow
Hath tinged the skies, the shroud
Hath hung upon the all I loved,
And lorn and sad I stood
'Mid the full world—alone, unmoved,
In my soul's solitude.

Then ask me not, why thus, at eve,
When sad impressions come
Thickening upon my brain, they leave
Behind, such storm of gloom:—
I've heard a wail from Heaven's blue shrine,
That echoes through my breast,—
Oh, God! is it, this heart of mine
At length shall be at rest?

Coblentz, Oct. 7, 1828.

TO W—— T—— G——Y, ESQ.

———“animæ dimidium meæ.”—HOR.

THINK, think not the friendship is fled,
Which, in boyhood, hath bound us together;
’Twas a spirit ordained to live through
The darkest as sunniest weather.

Brought to life in the rose-beds of youth,
When hope was awake in the bosom,
Its flower must be precious and rare,
As the sweet tints that colored the blossom.

’Twas a plant that was watered with care,
When life walked in spring’s rosy promise,
And the coldness of absence can never
Its strength or its odour take from us.

The blast of the autumn may wither
The leaf, while the deep root shall flourish;
And the first dew of summer will dress it
As green as it never could perish.

The patriot scroll we have learned together,
Till our young hearts grew mad at the story,
And in history's pathways we've strayed,
Catching light from its glimpses of glory.

We've wandered afar over heath-way and valley,
And our feet have been over the mountain ;
And nature and science have wooed us together
To drink, as we wandered, at either bright fountain.

O'er the chains of poor Erin, how often
We've sighed in our young indignation,
While we swore that we never would bend
To her tyrants, the knee of prostration.

Then is not the altar as holy
As when friendship first guided us to it ?
And is not the idol the same
As when erst we bent downwards to woo it ?

Yes ! yes, though the raw hand of death
May press where such friendship reposes,
Its memories are sweet as the cup,
That oft has been bathed with roses !

THE GIPSEY.

“———I’ll tell you your fortune truly.”,

MOORE.

“ COME, read me all the stars can tell,
If thou can’st read the secrets there ;—
The mysteries strange and true, that dwell
Hid in the vast book of the air:
And tell me how my life shall flow,
In bliss and pleasure, or in woe ?”

Up to the starry heaven she raised
Her dark brow and her darker eye ;
And then, a space, she paused and gazed
Upon the pathways of the sky,
Looking as if each orb could show
All that I wished, nor hoped to know.

Full o’er that form her ringlets strayed,
Curtaining a neck of marble whiteness,
While her silk lashes dropped their shade
Over her eyes of rolling brightness :
Her long, tall form upraised, she stood
Like genius of the storm and flood.

" Oft shalt thou tread the fiercest path,
That woman's love can lead," she said ;
" And ere the glow of manhood hath
Clothed with its robe thy youthful head,
A flowery maze of error will
Beguile thee into much of ill.

" Through many a field of fitting love
Thy pleasant road of youth shall lie ;
And many a maiden's breast shall prove
The falsehood of a poet's eye,
And hearts that throb and lips that burn,
From thee, their fond, sad tales shall learn,"

She ceased, and laugh'd my soul to know
The cheering fate that Gipsy told,
With her fired eye and ebon brow,
And frame of beauty's finest mould :
Truly, the stars were kind that even,
When she foretold me such a Heaven !

A SCENE AFTER BATTLE.

By the moon, that shone on a blood-red plain,
Where her light was a pall to the warrior slain,
When the crash of spears as the war-cry rose
Had dwindled away to a dull repose,
A pale, wan figure stepped hurriedly o'er
The many hearts that lay shrined in gore.

Over plume and helm and banner gay,
With a sigh and a tear she took her way,
And few were the gifts of life for her,
For she sought her child in his sepulchre;
And the shout of war and the battle's breath
Had been to him as the chime of death.

In the ranks of death she found that chief,
And she sat her down in her gloom of grief,—
And the spangled skies, that hung above,
Spread their mighty shroud o'er that child of love,
As his eagle plume and his reeking sword
Where idly cast on the gory sward.

Oh ! he had been 'mid the fair and bright,
And had basked him oft in the shining light
Of love and beauty, and all that can
Link to the earth the soul of man :
And woman's heart and woman's eye
Had been to him as a cloudless sky.

But of all who loved his path on earth,
There was none like her, who had now gone forth,
She had watched the sleep of those happy hours,
When childhood lies in its couch of flowers :
With a mother's hope and a mother's joy,
She had seen the deeds of her soldier boy,

Through the blossoming days of his tender spring,
She had watched the growth of that tiny thing ;
And when manhood shone in its pride of bloom,
She had seen him move 'neath his tufted plume ;
And every deed that wreathed his crest
Gave fear and bliss to his mother's breast.

But his soul had ebb'd on the battle's tide,
Winging away in its noon of pride ;
And she stood by him, all wan and pale,
With her wild hair tossed by the rising gale,
And her gathering tear was the only rain,
That fresh'd the sleep of the dying and slain.

Oh! a mother's love !—'tis the only one,
That haunts us still, when our hopes are gone;
And though beauty's lip and though beauty's cheek
A wildering tale to the heart may speak—
Oh! a mother's love is the only one,
That follows alike to the grave or throne!

Down, down by her child that mother sank,
—A fairy form 'mid the steel-clad rank—
And she looked abroad on the dark, thick cloud,
Which gathered round, like a loathsome shroud,
And yielding her soul on the pinions of prayer,
She died with her son in his glory there!

TO ROSA.

TELL me, Rosa, why in sadness
Sleeps that gentle Harp of thine?
Where is gone that voice of gladness,
Which I fancied so divine?

Where is gone that eye of lightning,
Which thou oft hast beamed on me,
When thy smile of beauty brightning,
Bade me whisper love to thee?

Thinkest thou, that I've forsaken
All that made this being bright?
That our dreams shall never waken
To their world of treasured light?

Oh! never, love! though oft a rover
Would I kneel at other shrine,—
Never could this heart discover
Lips and eyes to love, like thine!

AN EVENING DREAM.

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis • • • •
• • • • • • • •
Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

HORACE.

'Twas one of those evenings, when poets will feel
Their spirit grow bright with the visions of song,
When drunk with the light that its fancies reveal,
They bid echo the burst of their music prolong.

'Twas one of those evenings, all splendor and peace,
When the present is lost in the prospects that come,
As the day-king goes smiling to Dian's embrace,
To find in the heart their most exquisite home,

And I stood on thy shore, Innisfallen, sweet isle !
Forgetting that ever my spirit had known
Other light than the light from thy old Abbey pile,
Other voice than the voice from my own wild harp
gone.

And that moment, entranced in thy glories, I sighed
A wish to the heaven that canopies earth ;
And it seemed as if echo, exulting, replied—
That her own mountain spirit should bear that wish
forth.

I wished that my name, in a long after-age,
With the story of Erin and song should be told,
And that spelled by the lips of the gay and the sage,
It should gladden the lovely and madden the bold.

And I thought, that when years shall have withered the
young,
And the brows that are blooming be urned in the
grave,
My name might be trilled on the patriot' tongue,
As the minstrel who sung of the gentle and brave.

Oh ! blessed were such lot, and how wildly my spirit
Would mount on the pinions of prospective fame,
Could it hope that its workings could ever inherit
One leaf of the wreath that the poet should claim.

As the future stood out with its promise of glory,
Methought that poor Erin at least could bestow,
On the minstrel whose tale was the tale of her story,
One bough of her gathering to honor his brow.

But, no ! as the clarion that's pouring its note
To die with the echo it wakes on the shore,
So, so will the streams of my minstrelsy float,
Like it, be forgotten the moment they're o'er !

CONCLUSION.

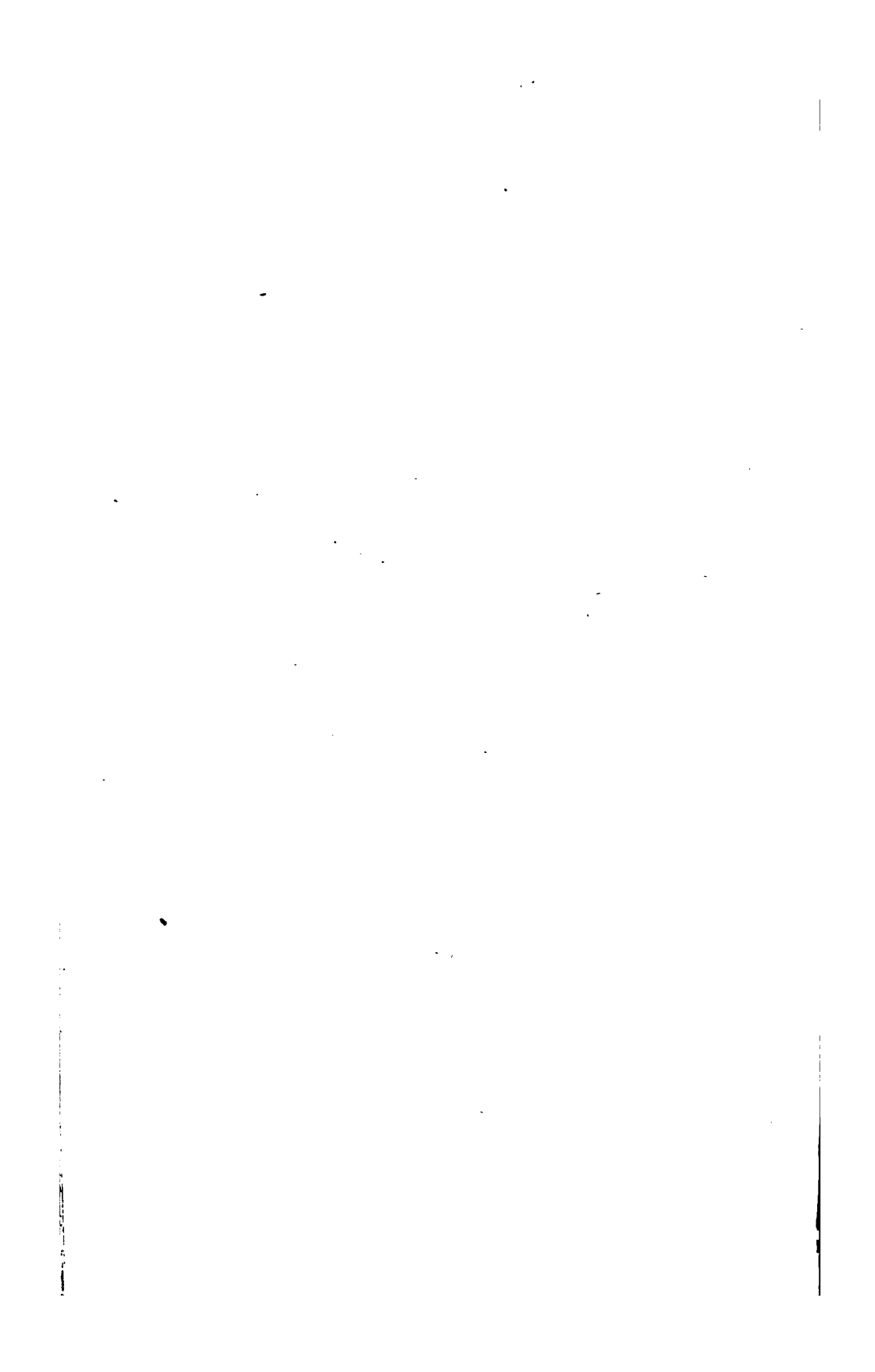
REST to thy numbers, Harp of Innisfail !
Thy voice of melody is ceased, the song
That thy strings wove is silent, and thy tale
Of sorrows wanders the cold world among.
Fain, would I yet a little hour prolong
Thy mystery of sound and story—fain,
Would I hang o'er thy chords, ere the wild throng
Of human life shall marvel at thy strain,
And stop to linger o'er this phantom of the brain.

Little hast thou, my harp, to win thy way,
Albeit thy voice is of Ierne's land,
And its old days have shadowed forth a ray
From their past world, to gild my feeble wand.
Mayhap, by my own hearth, the anxious hand
Of my youth's friends may touch thy trembling strings ;
And many a beaming face I've loved, command
An hour of idlesse, when the evening brings
Its social time, to trace *my* mind's imaginings.

If it is thus, when friendly looks shall turn
Their glance on thee,—oh ! let them fondly deem
How I will gladden, when thy songs shall learn
Their longest immortality from *them*.
There are young eyes, that o'er thy chords will beam
With all excess of love, to know thy tale,
And while they listen, be to them a dream
Of coming happiness, that shall not fail ;
Then fare-thee-well, my own loved HARP OF INNIS-
FAIL !

London,
December 1st, 1828.

NOTES.



NOTES.

¹ ——— *like music round a fairy moat.*

One of the most prevalent superstitions among the Irish peasantry is, that with which they continue to regard the neglected mounds, denominated *Forts*, and which tradition asserts to have been the spots where the Danes fixed their encampments, at the time that they invaded the island. They fancy that the fairies, or *good people*, have selected them for their chosen abodes; and there is scarcely a moat of this description in the country, to which are not attached sundry incredible anecdotes, illustrative of the ludicrous or mischievous pranks of their aerial inhabitants. None, however, are so common as the strains of music, “soft and exquisite,” that nightly issue from the enclosure, equally beguiling the traveller and delighting the more accustomed listener. I have known some who affirm that, at various periods, they have actually heard this fairy melody.

² ——— *sweep o’er the wave, as ’twere unblest.*

The idea is taken from the sensation, which I have frequently experienced, on seeing a boat, in the dusky twilight, sailing across the bosom of the waters. Vivid and indistinct it sweeps away, as if the unblest spirits of the night were guiding it: at least, so have I thought, when looking, from a distance, on such an object.

3 Oh! who that has heard of the hill-crested lake, &c.

In these introductory lines I have endeavoured to "body forth" the feelings, which I always have associated with Lough Lane and its delightful vicinity. To the latter do I owe many years of happiness, and in its bosom would I hope, if to mortal hope aught of certainty were given, to spend the evening of my days. The many agreeable retrospects connected with the name of Killarney require that I should dwell, for a moment, on the sensations which they call up; and in reverting to the scene of my boyhood, I may be forgiven the charge of unnecessary prolixity. In it have I known all of suffering to which I have been subjected; and from it do I derive all of excitement or of pleasure that animates me. It is the grave of those for whom my earliest tears have been shed, the abode of those round whom my affections have been the most intimately entwined; and if I were to give utterance to that which is within me, my knowledge of the world would, long since, have induced me to address some of them, in the exquisite language of Mrs. Hemans—

" There is none,

In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart."

There are few places which would admit of so much lucrative cultivation as Killarney, and there are few places whose want of business more fully evinces the disadvantages of the mode of governing, which has been practised too long towards unhappy Ireland. It is largely indebted to nature, but to art owes comparatively little; and the beauties, which, in England, would be made productive, *here* are permitted to bloom in useless grandeur. Its situation is admirably calculated to invite improvement; and, if pro-

perly directed, it might be made the architect of its own affluence; for, within itself, does it amply contain the materials of wealth and independence. But there is a curse upon Ireland; and while the inhabitants of the Sister Isle are unanimous in promoting the glory and the power of their common country, those of our mis-governed kingdom unite but in mutual execration, and mingle the voice but in the shout of faction and of calumny. *I* am too much of a patriot not to feel regret, when I see the young men of my country dissipating their youth and their abilities in idleness; and instead of devoting their energies to some active employment, which, while it elevates their individual prospects, must, at the same time, benefit those of their country, wasting their days at the billiard table; and their nights in the haunts of gaiety, and often of profligacy. The youth of Ireland taken collectively—for I do not mean to say that there are not splendid exceptions—are but little disposed to apply to the routine of commerce, or to the furtherance of internal improvement. They do not possess the inclination for business; and instead of pursuing the occupations of trade, or of agriculture, they squander their health and their time in idleness and inactivity. The great life-giving arteries of a kingdom are agriculture and commerce: from these should emanate its existence and its splendor; and when these are neglected, we must not be astonished to witness its decline. Within themselves, do every people essentially possess the capabilities of becoming “great, glorious, and free,”—the God of Nature has dispensed equally to all the resources necessary for their support and their aggrandizement, and if these are not directed in a proper channel, they, themselves, shall be answerable for the deficiency. When an Irish Catholic encreases his private wealth, he is contributing to the ulterior advantage of the kingdom: and the man who encourages any branch of

national industry, and who uses his exertions for the amelioration of that class of the peasantry under his influence, is no less effective a patriot than he who harangues in the Association Rooms, or advocates their cause through the medium of the press. If such a plan were generally adopted—if every individual reflected that his country had a binding and a paramount claim on his labors, the stranger would find Killarney a very different place, and the stimulant of improvement would soon excite many of its inhabitants to a spirit of enterprize, that would be at once honorable to themselves and beneficial to the country. As matters now stand, those who are capable and inclined to exert themselves, leave the country to seek for a field more calculated to foster their exertions; and while things continue in their present situation, this will ever be the case. Men will not work where there is no prospect of adequate remuneration.

It is with pain that any Irishman will find himself obliged to allow that England possesses so decided a superiority over his own neglected land; yet, although much of our prosperity is *now* in our *own* hands, it is a melancholy consolation to know, that we have not been always the masters of our own strength. The system of tyranny, oppression, and ascendancy, which had been dominant for so long a period, set the seal of degradation upon our homes and our altars; and when emerging from the charnel-house, it could not be expected that we should come forth arrayed in all the freshness of that green magnificence, with which Heaven had intrinsically adorned us. While the existing system of exclusion continues, Ireland must still be a dead weight to England, and a gangrene in the constitution of her diseased body. But it is not possible that such a system can be protracted. Education and philosophy have become too general; and the trash and the nonsense of our periodical

calumniators have been too often exposed, and too ably refuted, to find credit in the minds of the consistent and the rational. As far as my own humble advocacy might go, I should never seek for CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION on the narrow ground of sectarian motives: were only a *part* to be benefitted by its concession, I should consider that the labors of every individual ought to be proportionately limited. Philosophy looks deeper into the question. The great and enlightened principle which would teach me to regard the weal of nations—to look to the influence which a public act may have upon the generations yet to come—to weigh its capability of improving the moral and physical condition of mankind: the principle which would induce me to fight for the Greeks—to solemnize the day that liberated America—to petition for the Dissenters—and contend for universal liberty for every denomination and every country, is the grand and over-ruling principle, which should actuate the support of the Catholic claims. Man was born for an equality of rights, and the God of Heaven never ordained that one should sport with the life and property of another—that one should make his abject prostration before the nothingness of his fellow mortal! Society has wisely constituted different grades of rank; but be the belief of the conscience what it may, we are undeniably entitled to every immunity which our brother subjects enjoy. The same almighty-breath has sent us all into existence, and the same Omniscient power *shall render to every man according to his works*: and who then will blaspheme the majesty of his justice by averring that he sanctions one code for the white, another for the black—one for the Protestant, another for the Catholic? Such doctrine is repugnant to every principle of humanity; and I am almost tempted to say, that the bigotted orangeman, who would advance such long exploded errors, is worthy

of suffering the pains and penalties to which his statutes of exclusion subject his dissenting and Catholic brethren. Their tales of idolatry and image-worshipping, and divided allegiance, and absolution from oaths—tales, which no man in his senses believes—can impose no longer on the understanding, even of the most illiterate; and in the veriest charity, would earnestly request of those, who pretend to explain the faith and the articles of our religion, to study and examine those of their own, before they presume to meddle with a subject on which they are dreadfully ignorant. Until government shall have awakened to its own interests, we cannot hope to see Ireland what she *may* be, and as long as it is

“ Treason to love her and death to defend,”

we shall have to declaim against the inactivity of her youth, for what prospect does exertion open to them? and until her millions shall have understood the signification of the couplet.—

“ Hereditary bondsman! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!”

Ireland has nothing to receive—less to hope from the justice or the sympathy of her rulers*.

* *The sweetest wild flavor of legend and story.*

This is a distinction which will not be denied to Lough Lane. Every surrounding spot is pregnant with some tale

* I should be sorry that I was misunderstood in the application of this oft-quoted couplet. When I say “*themselves* should strike the blow,” I mean to apply it to their exertions in a *legal* way: another manner of redress, at present, could not be countenanced by any individual who loves Ireland sincerely. The *loyal* and *patriotic* members of the Corporations, or the Irish Gens d’armerie, no doubt, would deem such an undertaking highly advisable and infinitely for the good of the country!

of our classic or bardic times, and the legends and traditions interwoven with every rock, and every mountain, would afford a delightful recreation to the curious and inquiring. The adventurous history of *Fuen M'Coul*; the anecdotes of the formation of the lake; the monkish tales of *Innisfallen*; the legend of *O'Donoghue*; the *Diamond Pillar*; the recollections of *Mucruss Abbey*, with a thousand more; would furnish matter for a respectable volume: and not a creek nor a bay can we enter, that does not possess something of this same "wild flavor of legend and story."

⁵ *Like a long autumn-day in those same fairy isles."*

Beautiful as this country decidedly is, the humidity of the climate is still a draw-back on the enjoyment of its pleasures. Scarcely a day passes in which there is not an uncomfortable alternation of rain and sunshine; so that a "Killarney shower" has become quite a proverb for continued bad weather.

⁶ *The bigot ne'er has trod with thee.*

In illustration of this paragraph it may be proper to observe, that few places have been so little contaminated by the infection of biblical fanaticism or ascendancy despotism as Killarney. The feelings of party have not stolen in to debase and to poison the happier dispositions of domestic intercourse; and the predominance of those who profess the religion of the people has ensured an absence of sectarian acrimony, and a prevalence of more liberal principles, than we often find in the mixed societies of Ireland.

As far as my observation leads me to conclude, there is a great deal of latent talent scattered among some of its inhabitants—it conceals many a rich though unpolished gem—while its mountains and its vallies smile on

"Many a floweret born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Notwithstanding the civil degradation of the Irish people, it is by no means anomalous that they should be gifted with many and stirring qualities of soul. Nature has been peculiarly benignant to their land; and her very face seems to beam with inspiration. About Killarney, this is particularly the case: and in evidence, I extract part of a letter which I received, last February, from a Protestant friend of high abilities and intrinsic talent.

“ About a week after your departure I rose one morning at the unusual hour of five, in consequence of an invitation from a friend in the country, and having mounted my arab steed, proceeded, in a most sentimental gait, to my destination. I shall pass over the various nuisances of pigs and old women on the way, nor shall I draw the tear of pity from your eyes, by describing the pictures of misery which I witnessed. Alas, they are too well known to you, and every feeling Irishman, to need detail; and the recollection of them must ever be a dark phantom protruding its gloomy image in our dreams of home, sweet home. It was rather late in the day when my eye caught the venerable trees that surrounded the old dwelling, to the hospitality of whose roof I was to be indebted for the good things of this world. It was dinner time, at least with me. I had rode a considerable distance, which, with a keen breeze, with something of winter in it, contributed to magnify an unusually good appetite, so as to make me fit to enter the lists with the veriest trencherman that the land of murphys could produce. My horse seemed to sympathize with me, for no sooner had we arrived at the gate and the porter performed his office, than off he sets at a round pace, never heeding the inconvenience of sloughs and ruts, which you know are so often a neccessary appendage to the avenue of an old fashionable demesne in this country. I must not, in this place, pass over the aforesaid porter. He was one of those

fine old men whom, in any situation of life, we must feel a veneration for. I looked on him with something of the same kind of feeling with which Sterne viewed his friar ; and while I marked the playfulness of good humour that smiled on his countenance, I unhesitatingly took off my hat, with the idea in my mind that a good-humoured grey-headed old fellow like this, was, indeed, one of the noblest works of God. Every thing was as I would have wished. My friend had been watching my approach for a considerable distance, and had completely measured my appetite so as to have dinner on the table when Mr. E * * * was announced. Every thing about the house was perfectly in keeping with the character of mine host, except his wife—I had seen her but for the first time, and she quickly rivetted my attention. There was something about her which, at one glance, would have led a less observant connoisseur in animated painting than your humble servant, to give her a high place in his imagination, and connect with her interesting appearance some tale, in which the heart had undergone a painful part : such, indeed, was the case, as I afterwards discovered. She looked as if she would be gay, but then the effort was fraught with such painful feeling, that she seemed more sad than when she voluntarily resigned herself to that silent sorrow which was stealing the young rose from her cheek, and leaving where all should be light and bloom, the paler lily of decay. I have seen many fine women, and, doubtless, handsomer than she ; but there was about her a ‘ Something than beauty dearer ;’ and I do not exaggerate when I say that, in nature or in art, I have never seen any thing that touched my feelings more. But,

“ Away with melancholy, my muse must on the wing,
 And I must now be jolly, so merrily, merrily I will sing.
 And tell me what theme would inspire me more,
 Than a dinner with lashings of all things ashtore ;

Where the beef and the mutton, so sweet as it smokes
 To the deep-cutting edge of the trencherman's strokes,
 Inviting to come and to eat while you're able,
 And this dish is shouldering that off the table.
 Oh ! there's nothing so charming, now well do I wot,
 In that stupid • • •
 As that feeling that's known to the hungry glutton,
 When eyes and mouth feast on his own Kerry mutton :
 When that is past, how sweet the relief,
 Your addresses to pay to her cabbage and beef ;
 Then the whiskey goes round—oh ! there is not, I ween,
 In your land of John Bull, such a thing as potheen.
 You may talk of blue ruin, 'twill not make you so merry
 As the dew that is shed in the mountains of Kerry.
 Och avick Mr. * *, now leave off your blarney,
 'Tis nothing at all to the whiskey from K'larney.

We had beef, we had mutton, I will not be partic'lar,
 (For th' arrangement of dishes I am not a stickler) ;
 We had turkies and chickens, and if I am not mistaken,
 I ne'er in my life saw such lashings of bacon :
 The fowls were both roasted and boil'd that I've named,
 And I ate of them all until quite ashamed.
 There was soup of two kinds, and there also was fish,
 But tho' it was Friday I touch'd not that dish :
 In short we had every thing good you could wish.

The dinner remov'd—th' apple then came in,—
 I wonder not apples should cause man to sin—
 The puddings and tarts then came in with whip'd cream—
 I deserv'd to be whip'd, took so much of the same—
 The *sweet things* were removed, when the ladies retired,
 And the whiskey went round, and your poet inspired.
 I will give a description, as short as I'm able,
 As it broke on my ear, of the chat of the table.
 Oats I'm sure will be—Counsellor O—
 He's a very fine horse—it was never so low—
 He's the friend of the country—and whiskey they say—
 The tenants will never be able to pay—

At the Catholic meeting—but he's apt to stumble—
 The tenants already are beginning to grumble—
 People may make as they like, 'tis all stuff—
 I'll trouble you, Sir, for a pinch of your snuff.—
 He will run at the races next year—'tis surprising—
 Emancipation, he'll gain, for—the butter is rising—
 Mr. Canning, indeed, was a very great loss
 To the cause—were you down at the mines, Sir, at Ross?—
 He is very clever—Who! Sir?— * * *
 He is, Sir, indeed, he's a cousin of mine."

*7 It is a dark and gloomy thing,
 To see the human soul take wing.*

" Oh God, it is a fearful thing,
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood."

Prisoner of Chillon

The second line which I have unintentionally embodied in the text, should be marked with inverted commas. When first written I had no recollection that any other writer had made use of the exact words; but on reconsideration, it seemed to me that there was a passage in the "*Prisoner of Chillon*," which this resembled; and on consulting the poem I found such to be the case. The early part of the MS. however, was in print when I detected the imitation; but I trust this will suffice to exculpate me from premeditated plagiarism.

8 Strays o'er the rocks of Mangerton.

These are the most distinguished mountains that rise upon the shores of the lake; each of a separate character from the other, but each equally magnificent and striking. "Mangerton, the highest mountain in Ireland, and, by an experiment with the barometer, found to be 1020 yards

perpendicular above the lake, slopes down immediately upon the shore, and, for a great way up the declivities, is ornamented with trees of different kinds," so writes an old tourist; however this is not the case, as Mangerton is all rock and sublimity, no wood whatever.

⁹ *The royal Eagle's highland throne.*

This passage is characteristic of one of our finest and most stupendous mountains — The Eagle's Nest. It is astonishingly grand, and its proud and glorious brow is infinitely more to my taste than that of any other. It is also remarkable for a powerful echo, which should be heard to be understood.

¹⁰ *One swarming multitude of men, &c.*

Among the varieties which contribute to enhance the pleasures of an excursion to these lakes, there are none superior, few equal, to those of a stag hunt. The announcement of one always creates considerable preparatory bustle, and every one who can command a conveyance looks anxiously forward to the day. On the day preceding that intended for the hunt, a number of men are despatched to "man the mountain," as it is technically called; that is, to watch where the deer have made their lair and to prevent the possibility of escape to any of the adjacent hills. On the morning of the appointed day, the hounds are sent across the lake in a *lumber* boat, and when the hour approaches, the spot, selected for the opening of the chase, becomes a scene of the most animated gaiety and life. Boats gliding across the tranquil waters, crowded with beauty and fashion, are rapidly pulling up to the place of rendezvous; and wherever the eye can stretch, it meets but one continued spectacle of bustle and pleasure. Never have I witnessed a more delightful scene, than that which such an occurrence

exhibits. The numerous boats, with the various appearance of their crews—the collection of youth and loveliness which crowd these boats, and the personification of animated life that is depicted on every countenance are, at once, calculated to dissipate the brooding sorrows of the mind, and give an impulse of exhilaration, however momentary, to the heart. With these feelings I have often been a partaker in this amusement: and as I mingled in the gay confusion, I have often thought that the most widowed and most solitary being might there find a moment of melancholy forgetfulness.

While the majority prefer to witness the hunt from the waters, the mountains are frequently thronged with the more athletic and more determined sportsmen: and their appearance, equipped in white, with their coats off, and eagerly striding along the hills, has often struck me as bearing that similitude to “spirits of the day,” which I express in the subsequent lines. An old and curious book is now lying before me. As the author is generally correct I copy his account of a stag hunt.

“There is one species of diversion which, on these lakes, is enjoyed in the highest perfection the nature of the thing will admit; nothing to a sportsman can equal the spirit and elevating joy of a stag hunt on the lake of Killarney. You may think this a little Irishism, and laugh at me, if you please, but, in truth, it is plain good English; for it is positively a hunt on the water: the gentlemen who attend are generally in boats on the lake during the diversion.

“The stag is roused from the woods that skirt the lake, and generally from those that grow along the straight between the lakes, in which there are many of them that run wild by nature, like deers in an eastern forest, and are properly enough called wild stags. They are often seen feeding among the woods on the declivities of the mountains, that

slope on this serpentine valley. Horses here are made no use of, for they would be useless. The bottoms and sides of the mountains are almost universally covered with woods, and the declivities are so long and steep that no horse could either make his way in the bottom, or rise these impracticable hills. And the stag will very rarely attempt to ascend the mountains. It is impracticable, indeed, to follow the hunt by land, either on foot or horseback*; the chase is along the valley in the woods, and over the few small, and, from their softness, from the most part, impassable lawns that verge upon the lake. The only place, therefore, for the spectator to enjoy the diversion, without insupportable fatigue, is on the lake, where the cry of the hounds, the harmony of the horns, resounding from the hills on every side, the universal shouts of joy along the vallies and from the sides of the mountains, which are often lined with foot people, who get out in great numbers, and go through almost infinite labour to partake and assist at the diversion, re-echoing from hill to hill, from rock to rock, give the highest joy and satisfaction that imagination should conceive can arise from the chase, and, perhaps, can no where be enjoyed with that spirit and sublime elevation of soul that a thoroughbred sportsman feels at a stag hunt on the *lake of Killarney*. There is, however, one eminent danger that awaits him, which is, that he may forget *where* he is, and *jump out of the boat*.

“ When hotly pursued, and wearied with the constant difficulty of making way, with his lofty ramified antlers, through the woods, that every way oppose his flight, the terrifying cry of the open-mouth pursuers, that thirst for his blood, at his heels, and almost within sight; no wonder if

* This was written so far back as 1764. The contrary is now (1827) the case.—D. S. L.

in the few critical moments he now has to consult for his safety, that he should look towards the lake as his only asylum, or, if desperate the choice, that he should prefer drowning to being torn to pieces by his merciless pursuers. Once more he looks upwards—but the hills are insurmountable,—and the woods, but lately his favourite friends, now refuse him shelter, and, as if in league with his inveterate enemies, every way oppose his passage.—A moment longer he stops—looks back—sees his destruction inevitable—the blood hounds are at his heels, their roaring attacks his ears with redoubled fury at the sight of their destined victim.—The choice must immediately be made—with tears of desperation he plunges into the lake. But alas! his fate is fixed—his thread is cut asunder—he escapes but for a few minutes from one merciless enemy to fall into the hands of another, equally uncompassionate and relentless. His antlers are his ruin—the shouting boatmen surround the unhappy swimmer in his way to the nearest island—they halter him—drag him into their boat, and to the land with him in triumph. He dies—*an undeserved death*. His spirit flies into the *Devil's Punch Bowl*, and his flesh goes into a pasty. And thus ends the stag hunt.” *Hibernia Curiosa*. pp. 105—8.

¹¹ *Hark! that sound from the distant wood.*

When the dogs first rouse their destined prey, and the stag breaks from his rest, it is usually the custom to notify it by the discharge of a small cannon, or *patarara*; and as the sound is heard, and the flash seen, through the density of the foliage, it is always a signal for the oars to be put in preparation.

¹² *Beagle and buck-hound onward go, &c.*

To some it may seem extraordinary that the beagle should be the only dog employed in our stag hunts. We know

nothing of buckhounds in this country; however it would be impossible to complain of their loss, when supplied by such "a fine and gallant pack," as the present patriotic master of the Laune Hunt can boast.

¹³ *And through the water featly swims,
Refreshing there his panting limbs.*

It has been ascertained that, however fatigued from the length of the chase, the stag becomes quite refreshed after it has had a reasonable swim; so much so as to be able to head the pack with undiminished speed.

¹⁴ *The Banquet.*

At this period, my readers will discover that I have changed the scene, not so much for the purposes of poesy as through a desire of celebrating the usage of the land, which I sing. When the labours of the hunt are over, it is commonly the habit to conclude the day by landing on one of the most convenient islands, and there spending the evening in festivity and revel. My tale now takes us to such a scene, and the representation is minutely copied from reality:—

Innisfallen, the scene of the "Banquet," is an exquisitely romantic island on the lower lake, the property of the Earl Kenmare. It contains about 18 Irish acres, and the land is so rich, as to afford the best and most luxurious pasturage of any in the neighbouring country. It has the advantage over the other isles, that gem Lough Lane, and is certainly a place where the poet may soothe his soul with every brightest dream of fancy and of song; where the man of meditation may find the most congenial retreat to foster his contemplations; where the votary of pleasure may enjoy the most voluptuous charms of the festal and the dance; and where all may find something to please and captivate.

There are a few natural curiosities on the island, to which tradition has attached many a superstitious legend or extraordinary characteristic. There are also the ruins of an old abbey, which has been of notoriety, in its day; as we find the "Innisfallen Records" quoted by the learned and pious Alban Butler, and others. "Innisfallen, an island on the lake of Killarney. An abbey, founded by St. Finion Lobher, or the Leper, disciple of St. Brandon, and son of the King of Munster, in the sixth Century. In 1180 this house was held sacred as Paradise, and the clergy was deemed so holy and trust-worthy, that the treasures and valuable effects of the whole country were deposited in their hands, notwithstanding the abbey was in this year destroyed by Maolduim, son of Daniel O'Donoghue, and many of the clergy were slain, even in their cells, by the M'Carthy's. Granted, 37th Elizabeth, to Robert Callan, rent £72 3s. now worth £1443."—*Cobbett's Reformation*, Part II.

Mr. Crofton Croker, in his second series of the *Legends of the South*, records a tale of the holy fathers of this abbey. It is in his usual fresh, original style; but displays an illiberality and vulgar prejudice against the friars, which is disgraceful in a man of his character. He ought not to descend to sacrifice truth to bigotry, or to caricature a body of men, that were generally blameless and useful, however much such pictures may agree with the ignorance, or pander to the prejudices of some of his readers. There are many more fairy stories, &c. connected with Innisfallen. However, should any of my readers solicit further information, I would advise them to repair to Killarney; and Spillane, the bugle-man, or any of the boatmen, will feel most happy to gratify their curiosity.

¹⁵ *Ireland.*

This composition, which I have put into my hero's mouth,

originally appeared in a periodical publication — called “CAPTAIN ROCK,”—in the shape of a Pindaric Ode. Some friends, whose judgment I value, were flattering enough to express their approbation of it; and, accordingly, I have ventured to give it a place in the present work.

¹⁶ *While the “Sunburst” of her power.*

The “Sunburst” was the name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner.

“And once like a *sunburst* her banner unfurled.”

MOORE.

The editor of the above-named publication, thought it prudent not to insert the three lines here omitted: I consider it safest to follow his example.

¹⁷ *In close and quick succession now
The fire-works issue from below.*

It is sometimes, not always, the habit to conclude these gala days with an exhibition of fire-works. &c. which, at night and on the water, have a very pleasing effect.

¹⁸ *Burst from O'Donoghue's prison wall.*

This is a bleak and unproductive rock, situated about midway from the island and main land. It is said to have been the place, where the chieftain confined his state prisoners; and is now made use of for displays of the present nature.

¹⁹ *Ah! Irrelagh, thou sacred thing.*

Few of the curiosities about Killarney possess more interest than the ruins of Irrelagh; or, as they are more commonly designated, Mucruss Abbey.

" Irrelagh, near Lough Lane. A Franciscan friary, founded in the year 1440, by Thady M'Carthy. Granted to Robert Callan at 16s. yearly rent, now worth £16."—*Cobbett's " Protestant Reformation."* Part II.

²⁰ *Meekly upon some grave she kneels,
That slumbers 'neath the mystic yew.*

" On the north side of the entrance upon this peninsula, are the remains of an old abbey, spacious even in its ruins and well deserving the notice of the traveller. The cloisters are yet entire; in the centre of the square, enclosed by these cloisters, grows a yew-tree, as curious almost as the ruins by which it is encompassed. The body of it is six or seven feet in circumference, and of that magnitude runs up a strait clean trunk, to the height of between twenty and thirty feet, till it rises above the battlements of the cloisters, and then spreads over them in large and regular branches, like a stately oak, and really is the most beautiful yew-tree I ever saw. The yew has always been sacred to superstition, and none ever was more so than this : numberless are the relations of superstitious credulity here, of deaths and dire calamities that have, from time to time, befel the sacrilegious attempts upon this sacred tree."—*Hibernia Curiosa*, p. 122.

This venerable tree is, indeed, a noble, though gloomy ornament, to the dark pile in which it flourishes. Our old author bears testimony to the superstition, with which it is regarded. The vulgar opinion is, that if you pluck a branch, or even a leaf of this fateful trunk, you die within the year; and they even affirm that a soldier, *once upon a time*, having had the audacity to laugh at the prediction and cut off a branch with his sword, dropped dead on the spot—of course, in reward for his impiety! When I last visited this spot, I remember that a highly accomplished and interesting young lady, asked me, if I knew of any tradition connected

with it. At the moment I was not aware that it was to be the theatre of O'Connor's dawning miseries. When next I shall have the pleasure of meeting her, she will probably be acquainted with the mysteries of the consecrated place. Perhaps her question first induced me to make an effort that it should not be without its legend.

²¹ *Within that cloister's hallowed ground
The mourner's form is rarely found.*

Notwithstanding the predilection for being buried at Mucross, which governs most classes in the county, few are the graves, or even tombs, that occupy this particular spot. There are, however, some ; and somewhere near the foot of the "yew tree," an attentive observer may discover the one specified in the text.

²² *Banshee's Keen,*

I cannot help regarding most of our popular superstitions with a sentiment of romantic pleasure ; yet there is none of them, in my opinion, of a nature so imposing, or so like credible, as that of the *Banshee*. Few are of more general influence, and I experience a certain degree of satisfaction, in crediting the probability of the existence of such a being : in fact, instances have come under my own inspection that might preclude all scepticism on the subject. The *Banshee* is supposed to be hereditary in some families,—a sort of female guardian angel, who, by her lamentations, gives notice of the death of any of its members. A few years ago, the sister of a friend of mine was taken dangerously ill, and, after having lingered for some time, the physicians declared that dissolution was at hand. Shortly after this announcement, her attendants had occasion to leave her alone, and, on their return, she immediately asked them if they had heard that celestial music, which had just ceased. They

answered in the negative ; whereon she wished to know what hour it last had struck ; and, on being informed, calmly subjoined, that she should not live to see the next. The music again commenced ; it fainted away, and, with it, she expired. My friend, whose mind by no means inclines to superstition, related the circumstance to me, and I have every reason to give it credence.—Though not exactly answering to the description of the *Banshee*, it is, strictly speaking, of the same genus.

²³ *The pampered priesthood of an unfixed creed.*

It does not require my evidence to attest the overgrown wealth and unjust possessions of the church establishment in Ireland. Every person acquainted with the state of that ill-fated country, be his individual creed what it may, will agree with me in exclaiming against the monopoly, by which the ministers of a church, without a congregation, are enabled to allot to themselves wealth, to which they can establish no adequate claim. The religion of the state, is that of the minority, in Ireland ; it is a religion, connected with the darkest associations of Irish history ; and yet its members are permitted to ride in triumph over the necks and the consciences of the people, and its dignitaries are promoted to its highest posts, for vilifying and misrepresenting the faith of the land ! The catholic peasant is taxed to erect churches, where there are none to attend them ; and their rectors are appointed to livings, where there are none to require their guidance or comfort. I knew an instance of a gentleman, who had a living in a country parish, where there were only *three old women* to attend his church. He allowed these three pious old women a certain sum to induce them to say their prayers at home ; and thus was in the receipt of a respectable income, without anything to sanction or merit that receipt ! If I were to enter upon a discussion

of the justice or character of the established church, I would say, "that her rich and gorgeous, and pampered hierarchy, ill accords with the doctrines of the humble Redeemer."—I would say, "that in this country particularly, she took every thing from the poor, and gave them nothing in return."* But this is a subject so discussive, and yet so interesting, that I shall defer its examination to another and more opportune occasion.

²⁴ In meek religion's name,

I need only refer to the cant and the nonsense of those arch-crusaders, Gordon, and M'Crea, and the others of the self-sanctified apostles. See Dublin Register, *passim*.

²⁵ They prize more than earth's diadem.

"I am a catholic—I am an idolator in his conception. Sinner as I am, the world would not purchase me from my faith. If my intellect remain with me to the hour of my dissolution, and that the grace of God shall not depart from me, I shall expire amidst the consolations of my religion, and my last prayer shall be breathed in a reliance upon the merits of my Saviour, as taught in the doctrines of his church."—Mr. O'Dwyer's admirable speech at a meeting of the "Dublin Auxiliary Society," on Saturday, April 12, 1827.

*²⁶ 'Twas on this eve, within his castle gate,
There sat a numerous council of the great.*

I have here again availed myself of the license of fiction, in setting aside the authority of history, and placing the council within the castle walls, instead of those of the metropolis.

* Discussion between Messrs. Pope and Maguire.—Mr. Maguire's Fourth Speech, fourth day.

²⁷ *As Erin's legends sometimes tell us how
The Banshee's music wins us from below.*

Vide note 23.

²⁸ *The saltier cross and argent fleur de lis.*

The Ossory arms are, in a field, sable ; a cross saltier, argent ; in chief, azure ; three fleurs de lis, argent. Motto, *fortis sub forte fatiscet.*

FINIS.

